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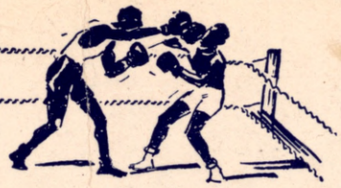

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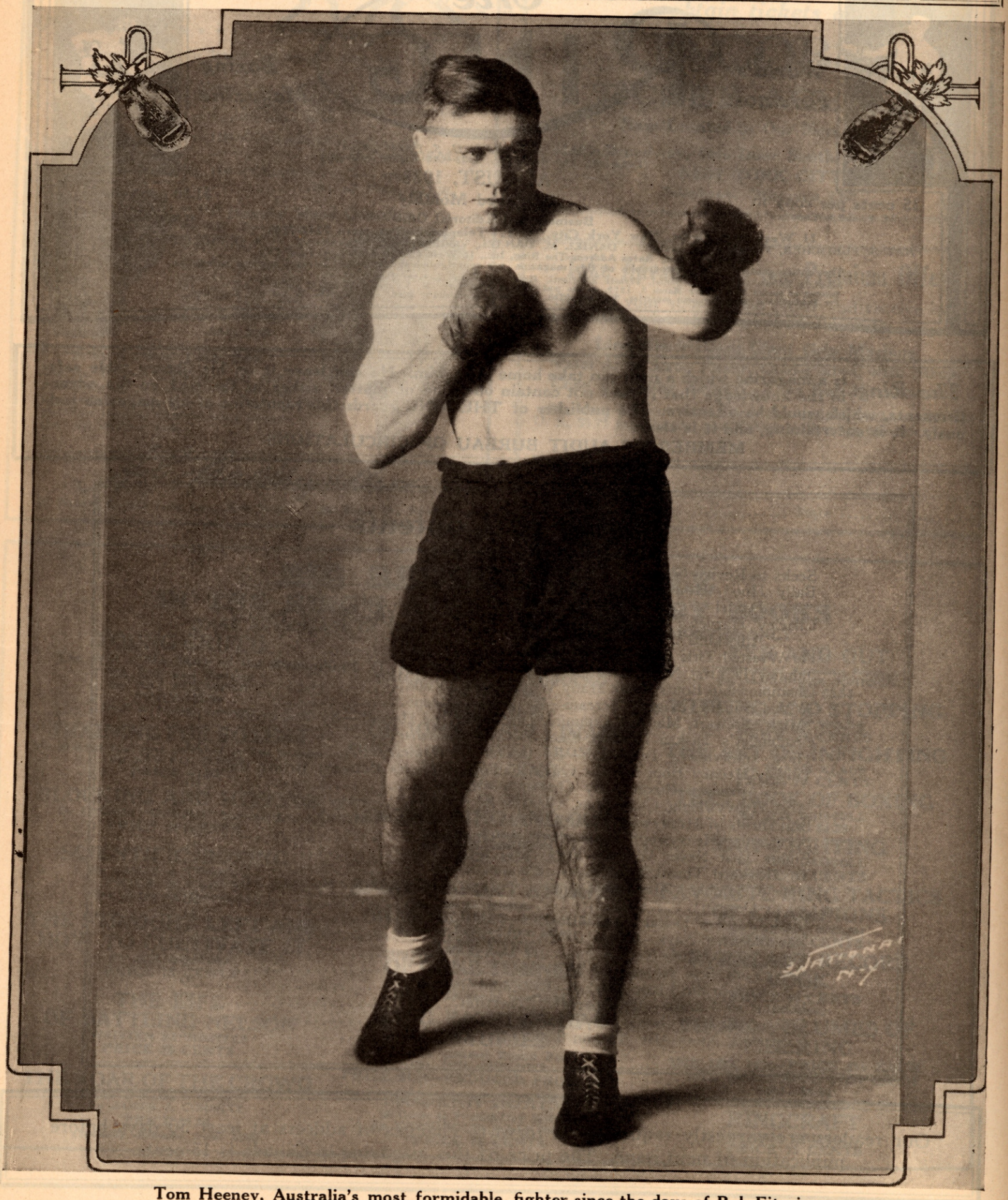
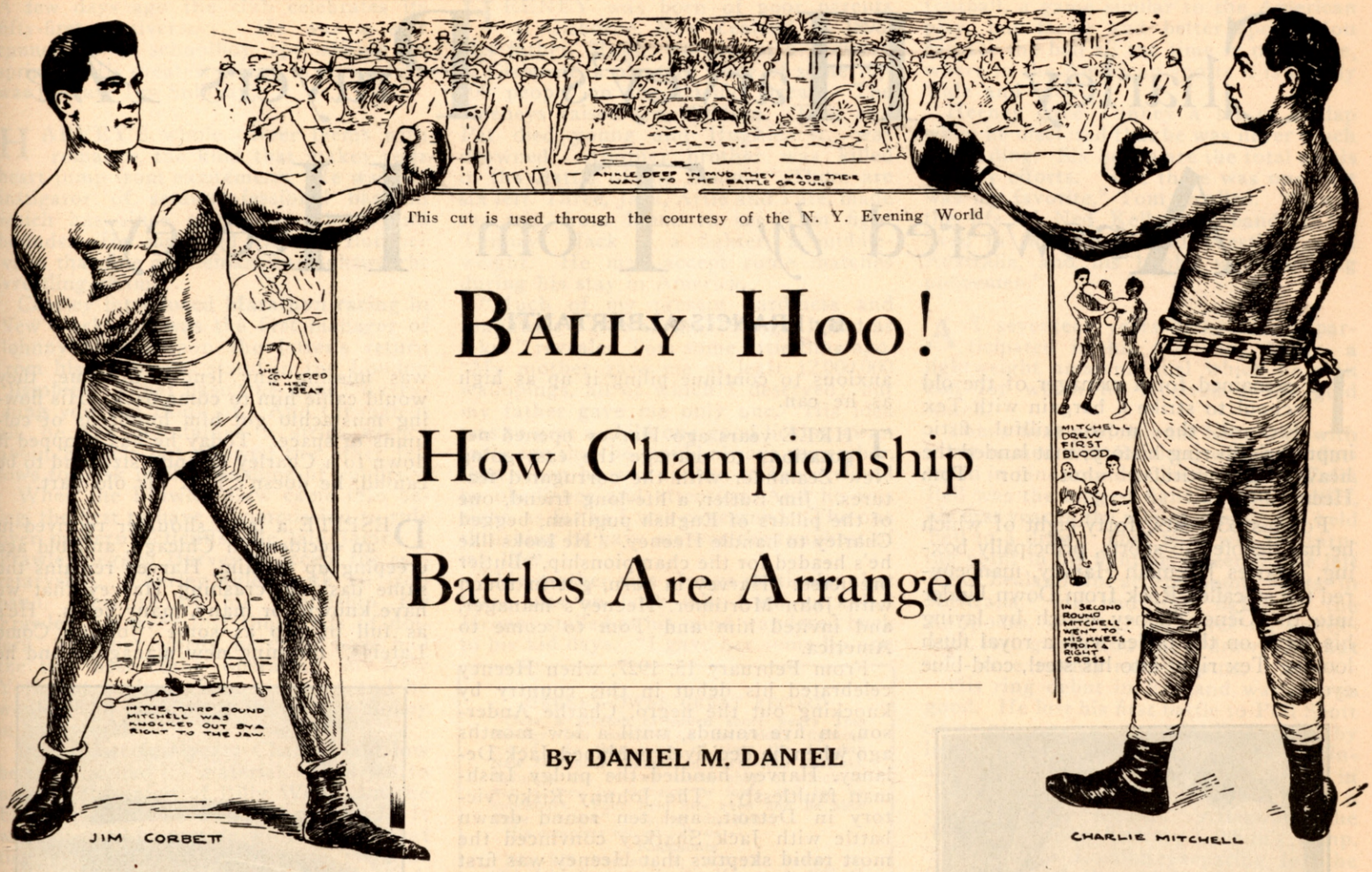
Seeks to Revive Glories of the Union Jack



Tom Heeney, Australia's most formidable fighter since the days of Bob Fitzsimmons.



This cut is used through the courtesy of the N. Y. Evening World

BALLY HOO!

How Championship Battles Are Arranged

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

A TUNNEY and a Heeney are matched. After some months they meet. The crowd gathers, the fight is staged, the gate is counted—and then Mr. Rickard begins to talk about another million dollar fight.

Simple, isn't it? To the man in the street it is as simple as it sounds. But behind all this seeming simplicity there is a mass of detail, there is a demand on acumen and business ability which compares with that developed in the handling of the biggest business and financial transactions.

The colorful Rickard with the breezy air of the Klondike gold rusher and the Goldfield speculator, has given to these big boxing events a dramatic and prismatic quality which obscures the business side of the game. There you have one of the big reasons for the success of "Tex" and his grand boxing ventures. He himself is Big Business, but the man in the street sees only the intriguing figure of Rickard, the gambler from the West.

The arrangement of a Tunney-Heeney fight or any other world heavyweight championship, is an intricate matter, take it from any angle and at any phase right up to the final gong.

First you have the champion. He has established himself. He has a certain standing and prestige. Without him the party cannot be staged—and he knows it. He is not one of your old time scrappers who fought for the sheer love of the brawl and would just as soon have it out in a bar room or a country barn right at the minute, $500 a side and winner take all.

NO, your champion is a cool, calculating young man who has worked hard to get where he is, and has worked because of the lure of the almighty dollar. He doesn't like to fight. But he does like to accumulate a competence as fast as he can, so he may shake the resin dust from his shoes, eliminate the danger of a set of cauliflower ears, and settle down as a country squire and be called Mister.

True, this type is not entirely a new one. For example, there was John C. Heenan, who loved horses and fought for the day when he could cast his trunks aside and race trotters against Commodore Vanderbilt, Frank Bonner and the rest of the post Civil War aristocracy in New York. But when Heenan fought, when Heenan went over to battle Sayers in England, John C. was a fighter first and last and battled because he loved to battle.

No, your young champion nowadays is frankly no amateur of the rougher side of the ring. He mixes in society, he mingles with the best type of citizenship—and he wants money quickly so that he may step from one side of the social line to the other.

This champion must be handled first. He must be appeased financially. No easy matter, me lads. "What! Only half a million? Shucks. I'd just as soon go to Europe for the summer and do some tramping with literary friends." That's the sort of stuff Mr. Rickard must combat first. It takes weeks and weeks, and at last the champion is put into line. He is ready to fight—$600,000, $700,000—or whatever it may be—the grand stake for the title holder. Shades of poor John L. How he would have revelled in this going!

At last, the grand information. It is to be Heeney. At last, it IS Heeney. The blacksmith from New Zealand is to get the chance. Another Fitzsimmons. A burly throwback to the days of Jeffries.

This Heeney has the color, says Rickard. He's foreign, too, and we need the international touch.

This blacksmith from Down Under would make fine "copy." Sharkey already had been discounted by poor performances. Risko had been beaten by Tunney. Paulino had been beaten by Hard Rock Tom.

Yes, Heeney would be a fine man. So Heeney's signature is affixed again to a contract to fight for the title.

All the time the promoter has been wrangling wtih the question as to where to stage the fight. Philadelphia stood for one grand smash in the first Dempsey Tunney fight.

CHICAGO stood for one grand smash at the second Tunney-Dempsey contest.

New York had come out strong for Dempsey and Sharkey and deserved this fight, especially as Tunney was one of New York's own. So it starts. New York will get it. No, Chicago will be the place. Shucks. Everybody knows it will be London, on account of Heeney.

And so it goes, for days. At last—New York it is. The Yankee Stadium with 90,000 seats. Great arena, great city, great fight—the grand trio.

Now the fighters are matched, the place is chosen, and the second stage of the ballyhoo is over.

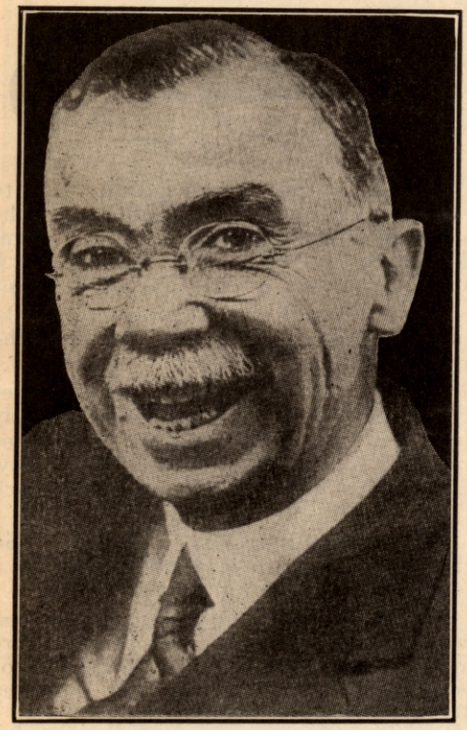
(*Continued on page* 26)

Charley Harvey's Prayers *Are* Answered *by* Tom Heeney

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IT remained for a manager of the old school to strike a bargain with Tex Rickard, the most skillful fistic impresario in ring history, that landed the heavyweight titular shot for Tom Heeney.

For his 63 years, forty-eight of which he has devoted to sports, principally boxing, Charles Jeremiah Harvey, manoeuvred the so-called Rock from Down Under into the Gene Tunney match by laying his cards on the tables with a royal flush looking Tex right into his steel, cold-blue eyes.



Charles Harvey, Heeney's manager

The momentous battle of adjectives that paved the way for the 1928 Battle of the Century was fought out between Harvey and Rickard under he palm trees at Miami Beach, and in the cool of the evening. It took Harvey two weeks to convince the yachtsman that his charge deserved the plum, and when it was all over, Rickard placed his arm around Harvey's shoulder, murmuring, "He's good enough for me."

Rickard may have his faults, but he is a business man through and through. The fact that he has all the money he'll ever need—someone tells us he's worth $2,500,000 in cash—like all millionaires, he is anxious to continue piling it up as high as he can.

THREE years ago Harvey opened negotations to manage the easy-going New Zealander with the corrugated features. Jim Butler, a life-long friend, one of the pillars of English pugilism, begged Charley to handle Heeney. "He looks like he's headed for the championship," Butler predicted. Harvey in turn, got in touch with John Mortimer, Heeney's manager, and invited him and Tom to come to America.

From February 15, 1927, when Heeney celebrated his debut in this country by knocking out the negro, Charlie Anderson, in five rounds, until a few months ago when he decisively whipped Jack Delaney, Harvey handled the pudgy Irishman faultlessly. The Johnny Risko victory in Detroit, and ten round drawn battle with Jack Sharkey convinced the most rabid skeptics that Heeney was first in line for a crack at Tunney's mythical diadem.

It was no surprise to American promoters, matchmakers and fans alike when they learned that Harvey had landed Heeney. For twenty-two years Harvey has been experimenting with English fighters. He has managed 200 or more Britishers, among them such topnotchers as Jem Driscoll, Owen Moran, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Matt Wells, Bermondsey Billy Wells, Johnny Brown, bantam champ; Johnny Summers, Pat O'Keefe, Jack Harrison when he was middleweight titleholder; Boyo Driscoll, Gus Platts and Roland Todd.

WHEN Charley was a young man, say in his forties, he used to make trips to London just like taking a train from the Battery to Harlem in New York and vice versa every morning and evening.

Beginning in 1906, when he took the Jimmy Britt-Bat Nelson pictures to England, Harvey was a familiar figure along the Strand and in all fight clubs, gymnasiums and hotels in dear old Lunnon. He made a host of friends Over There and some day, when his memoirs are written, most of the chapters will be devoted to some wonderful chats he enjoyed with Queen Victoria, King Edward, King George and the affable Prince of Wales. Charley learned how to wear the "soup and fish" in London for the good reason that he would look out of place sitting alongside of the King and the Prince in his Gas House raiment.

They used to sit up all night to hear Charley tolk. His vocabulary was a treat for the ear. Englishmen took him to their hearts and made him feel at home. If he was missing any length of time, they would cable him to come back. His flowing mustachio got him hundreds of columns of space. Today he has chopped it down to a Charley Chaplin size, and to be candid, he doesn't look his old part.

DESPITE a lame shoulder received in an accident in Chicago, and old age creeping up on him, Harvey remains the same dashing, crashing Harvey that we have known for many, many years. He's as full of pep as some "Johnny Come Latelys," meaning new managers, and he

John Mortimer, who brought Heeney to this country from England

can still give them a running hop, step and jump and beat them to the finish line by the length of his trick strand on the upper lip.

Harvey's life story makes great copy for the Saturday Evening Post or Liberty. He was born and raised in the Gas House section of lower New York. He first saw the light of day at 24th Street and First Avenue, where a number of famous politicians used to play with him. Charles Murphy, deceased leader of Tammany Hall, played ball for him and Dick Croker and William R. Grace, one of the early New York mayors, were his bosom pals.

He was fifteen years old when he became an announcer, a job which helped to make him famous in his early career. At sixteen he went into the promotion racket.

Forty-seven years ago when Harvey staged fist fights under cover, Rickard was ten years old. Harvey is a charter member of the Star A. C. in Long Island City.

A few days ago the club celebrates its fifty-first anniversary. He was a star runner as a schoolboy specializing in sprints. His greatest friend in those days was the late Jim Sullivan.

HARVEY'S whole career teems with romance, the kind that makes your heart jump from excitement. He was the instigator of semi-professional baseball which has since grown into leaps and bounds. He managed George Bothner when that fine gentleman was lightweight wrestling champ.

Charley introduced Marathon racing in New York and was the first manager of Johnny Hayes upon the latter's return from his victorious stand in the London Olympics. What hasn't he done? Everything you can think of. And through it all, he has maintained a strict silence about himself but allowed the other fellows to bask in the sunshine of publicity.

When the Frawley Law came into being, the first to have a commission to rule over modern ficticuffs, the late James J. Frawley begged Harvey to accept the secretaryship. Charley ruled with an iron hand. Because of his friendship for Frawley. Harvey lost thousands of dollars. In other words, he could have had the two best clubs operating in New York but he had given his word and he wouldn't go back on it for all the money in the world.

In the last few years Charley laid low because he had no material. He tried to make a champion of Billy Wells, but the Englishman didn't do as he was told. It was not until he met up with Heeney that that Harvey blazed forth once more as one of a few great managers. His office is located at 1402 Broadway, New York City.

Harvey numbers hundreds of friends in all parts of the globe. In California they dine and wine him every time he goes there. Jim Coffroth loves the ground Charley walks on.

BOTH John and Bernard Mortimer are tickled pink with the splendid manner in which Harvey has handled Heeney. The first named will never live down the fact that he managed Joe Beckett, but you can kid him all you want and John will argue till doomsday that "Beckett was a great fighter." Bernard is well known as a promoter in London having staged several shows at Royal Albert Hall.

In the opinion of Harvey and John Mortimer, Heeney is a combination Jeffries and Sharkey. "He is a simple chap, unassuming and natural," Harvey adds.

"Tom is built like Sharkey but he is a better fighter than Tom was, and he hits with the viciousness of a Jeffries," Harvey explains the fine combination of the two old ring warriors with his man.

Strangely, Heeney's first main fight in America took place on April 1. 1927, against Paulino Uzcudun, and the Tunney match was made on April Fool's Day, a year later.

The last international heavyweight championship duel before the Tunney-Heeney scrap on July 26, in which an English subject participated, was that between Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell at Jacksonville, January 25, 1894. Corbett knocked out the invader in three heats. Strangely again, the Tunney-Heeney contracts were drawn up and signed in Florida.

HEENEY was born of poor parents at Gisborne, New Zealand, in 1898. His father, Hugh, worked in a brewery in Gisborne, a pleasant place of some 10,000 people on the Pacific Ocean. The Heeneys raised ten children. Tom and Pat died young and Hughie, Jr., was drowned. Another brother was killed in the Battle of the Somme. There are six left. Three, Jack, Artie and Pate, made the trip from home to see Tom fight Tunney. Jack is a fighter, a middleweight. He may accept some matches during his stay in America.

"Much of my present hardiness and toughness I owe to the 'hidings' I had as a kid," revealed Tom some little time ago. "My mother gave me at least 12,000,000 wallopings, all of which I deserved; but my father gave me only one. His idea was to give a child one good licking at an early age that he would always remember, then when he was spoken to there would be obedience and attention. And he was right, as far as I was concerned. The one thrashing he gave me was the toughest of my life.

"My mother was always particular that there was no back talk from us kids," Heeney smiled as his mind wandered back to his kid days. "I gave her some lip one day, and how I regretted it afterward. All day I stayed away from the house. And when night came on I sauntered near home, scared for my life. I sent in my young brother Pat to see how she felt. I pulled some thin quince sticks and padded my legs inside my stockings. She gave me a terrific beating."

HEENEY OWNS GREAT RECORD

Over a stretch of seven short years Tom Heeney has compiled a marvelous fighting record. In that space of time the doughty New Zealander engaged in thirty-four contests, including the Tunney titular shot, of which he won sixteen by decision or fouls and ten by knockouts. Four held him even and he blew three "dukes," meaning decisions.

His complete record follows:—

Knockouts

1921—Bill Bartlett, 9; 1923, T. Bathe, 14; 1924, John Squires, 18; Nic Moraes, 4; 1925, C. Comlin, 9; C. Whitteker, 15; F. Fleet, 8; 1926, Charlie Smith, 5.

Won

1921—George Medrich, 15; Albert Pooley, 15; Jack Cole, 15; 1922, Max Gernick, 15; F. Fleet, 15; J. Leahy, 20; 1923, C. Taylor, 20; 1924, John Squires, 20; B. Miller, 4; 1926, Tom Berry, 15; Jack Stanley, 15; Bartley Madden, 20.

Lost

1924—B. Miller (foul), 5; 126, Phil Scott, 20.

Draw

1922—Colin Bell, 15; 1923, E. Waddy, 20.

(American contests, 1927 and 1928.)

1927

Feb. 15—Charlie Anderson, N. Y.....K. O. 5
April 1—Paulino Uzcudun, N. Y.....Lost 10
May 11—Jack De Mave, New York...Won 10
Aug. 4—Bud Gorman, New York.Won (foul) 3
Sept. 8—Paulino Uzcudun, New York.Draw 15
Sept. 30—Jim Maloney, New York...K. O. 1
Oct. 26—Johnny Risco, Detroit.....Won 10

1928

Jack Sharkey, New York.....Draw 10
Jack Delaney, New York .....Won 15

Recapitulation

Matches engaged in, 33; knockouts, 10; won, 16; draw, 4; lost, 3.

TOM'S first job was in a blacksmith shop. He got four shillings ($1) a week, and worked hard enough to earn a hundred dollars a week. "Three weeks were enough for me," Heeney smiled. "I got fed up on the job, though I realize now it gave me some muscular hardening that his since stood by me."

Then he went into the plumbing racket. For three years he laid pipes and made a good deal of money.

"Outdoor sports gave me plenty of exercise during my time as a plumber," admitted Tom. "I went in strong for rugby football, a game similar to the American play, but faster and better sport. You can see the ball all the time in our game, where in the American sports it is mostly 'hide and seek'."

Heeney gave Tunney a bit of a slap when he disclosed that he was never much on reading. Six books are the total of his literary efforts. "But there was one that was my favorite," Tom recalled. "It was the life of Ned Kelly, the bandit. He lived in the early 'Wild West' days of Australia, and his hobby was shooting policemen."

AT seventeen years of age, Tom participated in his first ring battle, a lightweight amateur duel which he won and for which he received a $30 gold watch.

Tom's first professional bout was with a lad named Bill Bartlett, whom he flattened in nine rounds. The bout with Colin Bell was the biggest fight he had in 1921, his first year in the money ranks. He held Bell to a draw. That bout was the turning point in his fighting career for he left New Zealand to accept some bouts in Australia. He had nine fights in the Antipodes, winning six, three on knockouts, losing two and one a draw. All but two were twenty-round bouts.

His ring debut in England was not so good. He lost his first battle to Phil Scott on points in twenty rounds. Undaunted by losing to Scott, Tom took on a preliminary bout at the National Sporting Club in London and got $100 for knocking out a chap in four rounds. Afterwards he drifted down to Tommy Gibbon's camp. Tom was in London preparing for the fight with Jack Bloomfield. He boxed with Gibbons every day.

Gibbons was the first to suggest to him that he come to America. Instead of making the ocean trip Tom went to South Africa where he defeated Johnny Squires, the heavyweight champion of that country. In all he had five fights in South Africa, all of which he won, three by kayos and one on a foul.

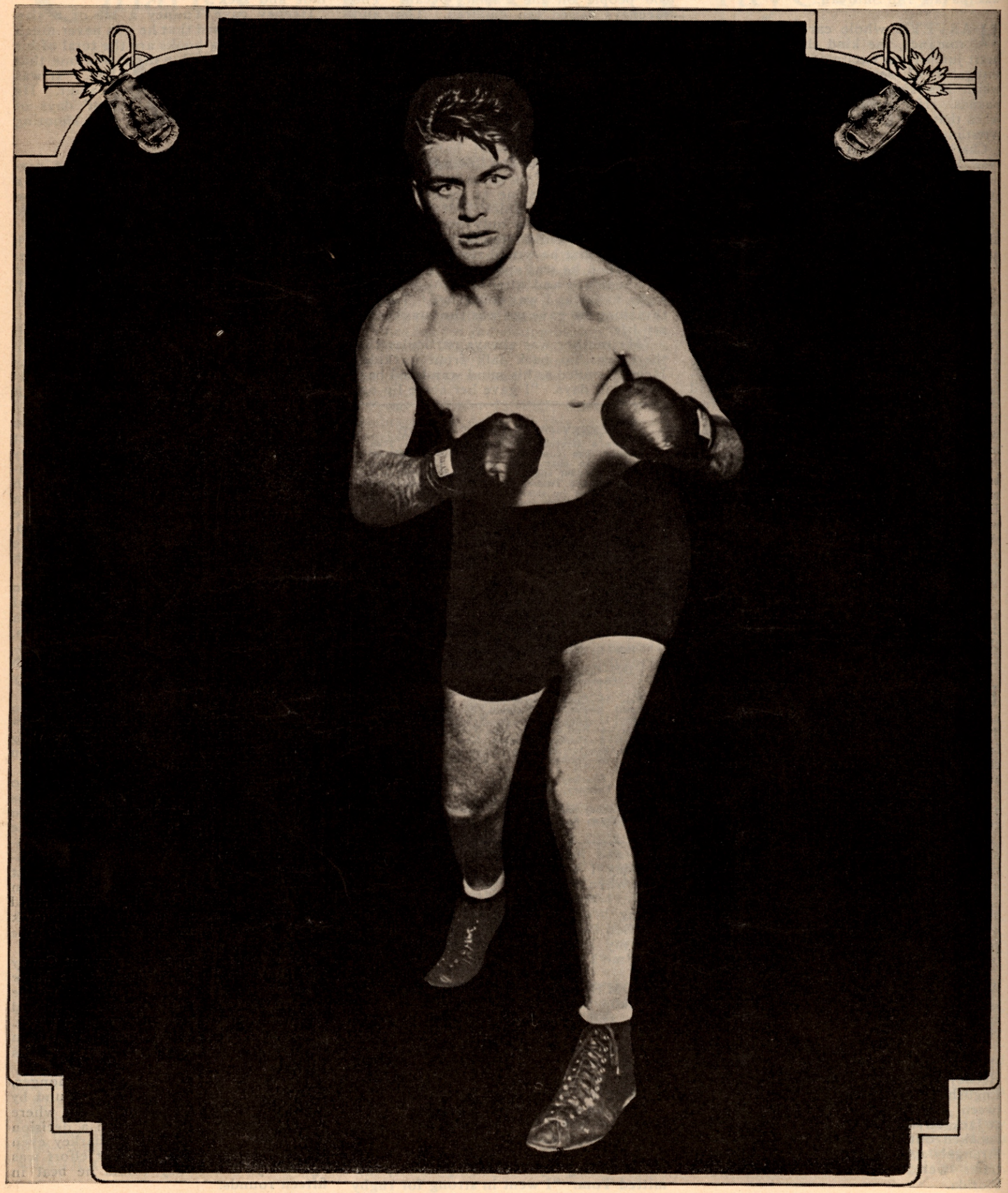
With no more worlds to conquer, so to speak, Heeney came to America. Harvey took him in charge. Try as they might they couldn't make the grade in Tex Rickard's sanctum.

Matchmaker Jess McMahon, more to please Harvey because of old friendships rather than anything else, signed Tom to meet Charlie Anderson. Heeney made good right off the reel by knocking Anderson off in nine heats. His next opponent was Paulino. In one of the most terrific heavyweight scraps seen, Tom beat the Spaniard, but the officials ruled otherwise. There was a terrible squawk when the decision was handed to the squat Spick.

Heeney's next appearance was at Coney Island where he smacked Jack De Mave all over the ring. He came back to the Garden to fight Bud Gorman, a seasoned warrior. Tom won on a foul in three. Tom and Paulino were rematched. Again Tom won, but the best he could get was a draw.

Jim Maloney, the Boston fish monger, was knocked out in less than a round by Heeney. Then he went to Detroit where he came from behind to earn a decision over Risko. He held Jack Sharkey even in ten rounds but his greatest effort was against Jack Delaney whom he beat in fifteen rounds.

He Wrested Title from the Slashing Dempsey



Gene Tunney, New York's Own, the cleverest and most brainy champion since the days of James J. Corbett

TUNNEY IS FIRST N.Y. CHAMPION SINCE HYER

By A. D. PHILLIPS

New York State has produced many world and American boxing champions but not since the days of Tom Hyer, who reigned supreme in the early '40's as American heavyweight champion through his defeats of "Country" McCluskey and Yankee Sullivan, has the Empire State hurled such a formidable entry in the heavyweight arena as Gene Tunney.

Many years have passed since little Old Manhattan has had one of its own native boys as a world's heavyweight champion.

Tunney was born and reared in Greenwich Village and Hyer, first recognized American heavyweight title holder, saw the light of day in the lower east side of New York not far from the Battery. Like Tunney, the first champion was a well-behaved, serious-minded young man, tall and handsome, a splendid conversationalist and an ardent lover of books. Likewise, we find still another phase of close resemblance between these gladiators in their dislike for the ring and its associations.

Tunney, it is known, holds more aloof than any, champion or near champion, the ring has ever known and were it not for the big purses which a good fighter can command, we doubt that Gene would be following this profession now. As he himself declared, he would rather follow the priesthood than the ring, but circumstance forced him into the latter.

Hyer, after his battle with McCloskey, to whom he administered a terrific beating, found no man willing to fight him, and retired when still in his early manhood.

Like many of his successors, Hyer was a giant, but unlike most of them, he seldom weighed more than 185 pounds. In several of his battles he weighed only 175 pounds, our present light heavyweight limit. He was born on New Year's day, 1819 and stood 6 feet, 2½ inches in his socks.

Tom's father, Jacob, was a boxer of no mean ability. In fact the history of the American prize ring names him as the first white heavyweight of prominence in America, the other heavyweights of note being negroes—Tom Molineaux and Bill Richmond, both of whom fought many battles in England.

Other than the Hyers and Tunney, only one heavyweight of note, Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn, claimant of the crown in 1879, was born and reared in what is now New York. Other top notchers were raised elsewhere, though they fought most of their battles in the Empire State. Tunney, by beating Dempsey, accomplished a feat that baffled numerous New Yorkers of the past.

Jake Kilrain, who was whipped by John L. Sullivan in their memorable 75 round battle at Richbourg, Miss., in 1889, was a New York State citizen. He was born in Greenpoint in 1859, but that spot in those days was a little country village that was not even a part of Brooklyn, let alone populous New York City.

John Flood, another heavyweight who performed in the days of the great John L., and was stopped by him in their famous bare knuckle battle on a barge near Yonkers in 1881, was a resident of New York City, but he was an adopted son. He was born in Ireland, came here with his parents and after his fighting career ended, became a high official in the Police Department.

John Morrisey, who after his fighting days were over became famous as a member of Congress, made New York his home. He was born in Ireland.

Then we have John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy who became world famous through his championship bout with Tom Sayers in England in which Heenan whipped Sayers but failed to get either the title or the belt offered for the contest.

Heenan was a bona-fide member of the New York State citizenry. He was born in Troy and made that city famous through his ability in the fighting game. After retiring from the ring Heenan raced trotting champions against Commodore Vanderbilt and others of the aristocracy in the late '60's.

Of the other champions Joe Goss was born in England, John L. in Boston, Jim Corbett in San Francisco, Bob Fitzsimmons in Cornwall, Jim Jeffries in Carroll, Ohio, Jack Johnson in Galveston, Jess Willard in Kansas and Jack Dempsey in Colorado.

Championship Bouts Draw Many Women to Ringside

THE increasing number of women to attend championship boxing bouts has been one of the remarkable developments of the sport during its recent growth to such tremendous attendances as have marked the heavyweight title matches in late years.

The time was not so long ago when it was not regarded as genteel for a woman to attend a prize fight and such as went in the olden days were more or less beyond the pale. To be sure there are plenty of persons yet who regard it as hardly proper. Nevertheless each bout draws more and more women.

When asked to account for this change Promoter Tex Rickard recently declared that women did not really come to bouts until they received the official stamp of approval from society women during the Milk Fund shows held in 1923, 1924 and 1925. Sponsored by the leading society women as these shows were, the first barriers against women attending boxing matches were broken down through the outstanding names that appeared among those present.

From then on, according to Rickard, women have come in increasing numbers.

ANOTHER big factor has been the greater participation of women in sports of all varieties, which means a more general interest in watching a sport in which they do not participate although they hear so much about it. Very important in this regard is the influence of football. Every girl considers attendance at football games one of her social achievements during school and college days. This has redounded to the benefit of boxing inasmuch as it is the first step toward an interest in a sport spectacle. Furthermore, it is regarded perfectly proper for a girl to watch a football game and from that she conceives the notion that it is equally proper to attend a boxing spectacle as well.

Radio has also had its share in bringing women to boxing shows. Father and brother tune in on a fight and mother and sister listen also. A well-described bout over the radio spurs the feminine members of the family to a desire to see what they have got a thrill out of listening to and father or brother is prevailed upon to take mother or sister the next time.

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A Mid Summer Night's Scream

By MORTON KEENE

SCENE, the Golden Rod Ice Cream Parlor. Divers citizens are discovered drinking all the favorite flavors of the up to the minute "softly spoken." Of course the conversation is about Tunney and Heeney and the like.

JOHN: Well, it seems funny to see blokes like Tunney and Heeney fighting for that world title. I wonder what John L. Sullivan thinks about it.

JAKE: John L. Sullivan? Who is he? What firm does he work for?

JOHN: That just goes to show. Here's a guy which doesn't know who John L. was. I suppose you want to inquire who George Washington was, too?

GEORGE: There's a lot of birds around now which don't know Sullivan from Jack Sharkey and think Tunney is a great fighter.

LUKE: Well, here's one bird which thinks Tunney is a great boxer. You old guys give me a pain in the neck. All you hear is John L. and Fitz and Corbett.

MARTIN: Yeh, them old bozos think that fighting dies when John L. gets licked by Corbett.

JOHN: And so it does. How many great fighters have we had since John L. lost the title to Corbett?

JOE: I suppose Dempsey was a bum and Jeff was just a palooka!

JOHN: Dempsey was pretty good, but whom did he ever beat? Willard? Or Firpo? Or Miske? Don't make me laugh. Sullivan takes them all in four round bouts on a vaudeville tour without any ballyhoo.

JOE: Yeh, Sullivan takes them all like he took this little Charley Mitchell, which is just a middleweight you might say, and fights him thirty odd rounds some place in Camembert on the other side.

JOHN: Don't bring that up. It was fought in the rain.

LUKE: Don't bring any of those old bozos up for me. Dempsey is good enough for this hombre and you can have all the Sullivans, Maces, Coburns and the rest.

(*There is a pause and a gurgling and the boys spend two minutes in thinking.*)

* * * * * *

Spasm II.

JOHN: Well, imagine fighters like this here Tunney and Heeney scrapping for thousands and thousands of dollars and Gene becoming a millionaire and a great fighter like Sullivan dies a poor man.

LUKE: Yeh, it is to cry about, believe me. Sullivan gets plenty of jack in his day, too, but where does it go? Right into the bar room till. Times has changed.

JOHN: Yep, you are right for the first time in your life. Times have changed—for the worse. You could step into a bar room and stand right next to Sullivan and be invited to take a drink with the champion of champions. If you want to see this Tunney you have to get a card from the Secretary of War, which invites you to see the Secretary of the Navy, and then in a month you get a card. "Sorry, but Mr. Tunney is too busy clipping bonds and counting up his interest."

JOE: That's right, too. I don't like that part of it. Them fighters is getting to be too aristocratic. They are in the game for the dough and down in their hearts they really are ashamed of the sport which is piling up their bank accounts.

JOHN: Sullivan got a lot of dough and he had a good time with it. He was a man of the common people, a man who liked to fight and was not above his surroundings.

JOE: How much did he know about Shakespeare? How many colleges did he address? How many professors did he pal around with?

JOHN: Yeh, he palled around with the common people, and they liked him for it. Give me a champion who is a real mug. Let the polo players read Shakespeare, and let the fighters read the sporting pages and find out what the people think of them.

JOE: The trouble with you old guys is that you are jealous. Times has changed. In Sullivan's day you used to think a horse car was a fast vehicle. Nowadays you think the subways are slow. How would you like to ride down town to work in a horse car?

(*This stops the argument for quite a while as the boys picture themselves riding to labor in a horse car.*)

* * * * * *

Spasm III.

JOHN: Well, we don't have the hitters now we have in the old days. Sullivan was the boy with the knockout.

JOE: Yeh, he knocked them cold, especially when one of his boys went behind the curtain with a bung starter and John manoeuvered the mug close to the drop and the bung starter cracked the poor guy's skull.

JOHN: Oh, yes, they did a lot of that in the old days, but that was because they fight nearly every night and get all tired out.

MARTIN: They get tired fighting John Barleycorn until five A. M. in the wee small hours of the morning.

JOHN: Well, as I am saying, the old fighters we're the guys who could hit. I hide my head in shame when the old heavy title passes from Dempsey to Tunney in a ten round bout with a decision. Imagine the heavy title passing on a decision.

JOE: Yeh, that was bad. I am with you on that one.

JOHN: And to make matters worse, they fight another one of them things in Chicago with another decision and both guys on their feet when the final gong rings.

JOE: What's the idea of kicking because both were on their tootsies?

JOHN: Wel, I am a guy like this. I like to see my heavyweight finishes with one of the fighters on the canvas, wriggling and moaning, even if he doesn't mean it. I am old fashioned that way.

MARTIN: The fighters nowadays are so good that you can't knock 'em out. Dempsey tries hard both times, but Tunney is too fast for him.

JOHN: Yeh, Tunney is fast. Too bad he ain't an amateur any more because he surely makes the Olympic team as a half miler or something. The way that guy runs in the ring in Chicago makes this here Hahn look like a brewery nag.

JOE: Yeh, this here Tunney sure is fast on his feet.

JOHN: Put him in the ring with Sullivan in his prime and

(*Continued on page* 15)

"Mick" Stewart, Machine Gunner, "Discoverer" of Tom Heeney

By TED SCOTT

THE boxing "palooka," the fellow who finds it difficult to get even a preliminary fight because, fistically speaking, he is an unknown quantity, never has any difficulty pointing out the fellow who was responsible for his entering the fight game. However, once a fighter reaches the stage of challenger or champion he has a tough time keeping tab on all his "discoverers."

Take for example the case of the great John L. Sullivan. Scarcely a story has been printed about the life of the Boston Strong Boy but that some new name has appeared of a person who claims he was the man who discovered the popular Bostonian. Likewise a dozen or more claims have been filed with ring historians of those who assert they were the first to recognize the ability of Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries and Jess Willard.

A few years ago, when Tom Heeney was playing boyish pranks around New Zealand, no one would give him a tumble as a future boxing prospect, but today, with Tom in the limelight, everyone who knew the husky young Maori lander lays claim to having "discovered" him. In England they are singing the praises of Bernard Mortimer, British sportsman, for his keen judgment and foresight in having seen in Tom Heeney a "future great," and in the United States they praise the veteran Charley Harvey for making the "find" of a century and developing the big blonde New Zealander into a world-famous fighter.

YET neither Charley Harvey nor Bernard Mortimer, two splendid gentlemen, are responsible for the "discovery." Both have helped materially in bringing Tom Heeney into the fistic spotlight, and Harvey is responsible for an uphill battle in gaining recognition for the man in whom he had an abundance of faith, but the fellow who "discovered" Tom Heeney, the "British Menace," is unknown in fistic circles in the States, yet widely known in New Zealand. He is Earl Stewart, former amateur lightweight champion of New Zealand and at present the leading fight referee in Maoriland. And it all happened this way:

From 1914 to 1918 "Mick" Stewart—as he is popularly known in Antipodean fight circles—was doing a little fighting in Europe—not glove fighting—he was in charge of a bunch of machine gunners. At any rate, he had plenty of opportunity of seeing most of the British heavyweights in action during his furloughs, spent in London, and at various times he also saw European and American fighters in action behind the lines—in action from a fistic point of view, of course.

Some time after his return to New Zealand, in 1921, I believe, Mick Stewart confided in me that he thought Tom Heeney was quite capable of giving grief aplenty to any of the big boys in England. At that particular stage in a so far misspent life I was fighting preliminaries in my own little homeland of New Zealand, and I was also contributing a weekly column on boxing to "The Evening Post," one of the biggest papers in the Dominion.

MENTION in my column of the fact that Tom Heeney was considered by "Mick" Stewart as being capable of holding his own with any of the British heavies did not exactly cause Maoriland's fight fans to turn back somersaults in ecstasy. There was no actual criticism of the proposed tour, but many, rated good judges of the game, predicted that Tom was likely to "get his big 'block' knocked off." Fight critics (and it was my own opinion at that particular time) were firmly of the opinion that Tom could never be anything else but a "big, strong second rater."

"Mick" Stewart, however, was not to be deterred and he cabled Bernard Mortimer, whom he had met in England during the Great War, telling him of Heeney's ability. The English manager replied that he would be pleased to handle Tom's affairs in Europe, and that is why Heeney booked a passage for England.

I remember meeting Tom outside the New Commercial "Pub" on Lambton Quay, Wellington, New Zealand, on the day of his departure. What he reminded me of most was a "bushwhacker" in town for the week end. A quarter of an inch of blonde stubble stood out all over his chin and face, his trousers bagged at the knees, and he was wearing an old-time black slouch hat, pulled down both at the front and the back. He was not by any means untidy, though by the same token one would not exactly describe him as "debonnair." Actually, he was just a big country boy, who didn't care a thing in the world about his personal appearance, as long as he was not naked.

UP to the time of his departure for England Heeney had done nothing at all to justify even the most daring fight fan picking him as a future contender for the world's heavyweight championship.

Tom was never heavyweight champion of Australia, and that he was the holder of the New Zealand title was due more to the fact that there were no heavyweights in New Zealand at that particular time than to any outstanding fistic campaign on the part of Tom Heeney.

One big boy from Auckland, Jim Sullivan by name, indulged in some ten or twelve amateur four two-minute affairs, and then had the presumption to challenge Heeney. Not only did he challenge Tom, but in a contest which went fifteen three-minute rounds he took away the Gisborne boy's title and left Tom wondering what it was all about.

A return match was arranged, in my own little home town, Palmerston North, and Tom won back his title by stopping Sullivan in the seventh round of a battle scheduled to go fifteen frames. I said "battle," but that is exactly what it was not. The only punch landed was a terrific right swing by Heeney which caught Big Jim on the nose, snapped that organ so that it hung over to the left-hand side of Sullivan's face, and incidentally spilled Big James like the proverbial plate of beans.

SOME time prior to that Heeney killed a stable mate of mine named Cyril Whittaker in a ring battle in Auckland. I had trained with Cyril for that particular contest and was confident that he was far too shifty and clever for the stolid and slow-moving Heeney.

The Gisborne blacksmith in the ring was quite a different proposition. He kept on top of Cyril all the time, gave him no peace and punched him all over the ring. My buddy was finally carried unconscious to his dressiing room, to die several hours later in the hospital without ever again opening his eyes.

Earlier in his career, Heeney had dropped a decision to an ancient veteran in the person of Colin Bell, who in his heyday had mixed it with such men as Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford, Luther McCarthy and all the rest of that circle of big boys. Later in Australia, the bald headed veteran again took the verdict over Tom, although at that stage, Colin must have been well over the forty mark.

HEENEY never met with much success in Australia. It took him, a full grown heavyweight, thirteen rounds to stop a German middleweight named Max Gornik, at Rockhampton, Queenland, and in all, when "Mick" Stewart selected Heeney as a suitable prospect to send abroad, it certainly looked like a mighty long shot, if performances count for anything.

In those days, any ham and egg manager with what is generally known as a "good line" could have signed up Heeuey for life, but none of the budding Tex Rickards in Maoriland regarded Tom Heeney as being even an ordinary sort of meal-ticket. It took a good judge of the game like Mick Stewart, a man who knew the game both inside and outside of the ring, to perceive the possibilities in Heeney, and had it not been for Stewart, Tom might still be back in Gisborne, hammering shoes into shape for the Poverty Bay draught horses, playing rugby for his province, and occasionally clambering through the ropes to fight for an amount, which alongside what he will receive for the Tunney battle, looks like a ham sandwich without the ham.

Challenger's Task a Difficult One

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHEN Tom Heeney, New Zealand heavyweight, faced Gene Tunney in a battle for the world's championship, he was on the long end in the betting odds, yet Heeney had a horde of supporters. His task was a most difficult one, for in Gene Tunney he found a better, stronger, cleverer opponent and harder hitter than any he had met in his rise to the position of leading contender.

For Heeney's benefit, it is here remarked that dethroning a champion in the heavyweight division is a mighty hard job as the records of past encounters will prove. Not only do many aspirants offer themselves on the altar of sacrifice in attempting to gain the rung that Heeney had climbed to, but even when that stage is reached, the surviving challenger has everything against him. Practically the same situation confronts a challenger in every other class.

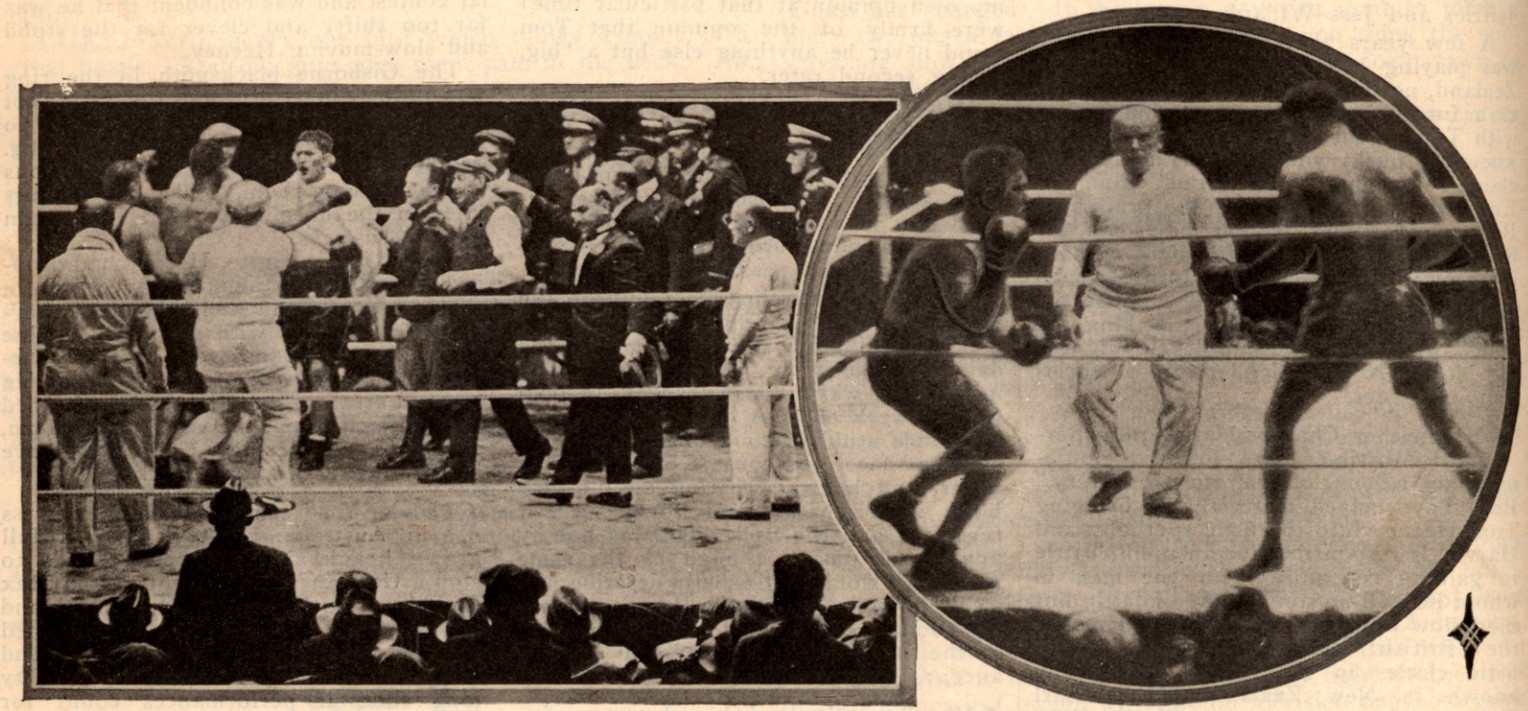
ALL other contests for the heavyweight crown were bitterly fought. James J. Corbett, after John L. Sullivan had reigned supreme for nine years, proved himself the master of the crown wearer by battering the Boston "Strong Boy" down in twenty-one rounds. Corbett easily disposed of Charles Mitchell in three rounds and then along came the great Bob Fitzsimmons and issued a defi to Corbett.

Gentlemen Jim ignored the challenge for some time and then took on Freckled Bob. For fourteen vicious rounds they fought, both Fitz and Jim going down, but Fitz finally came through to win the title with his famous solar plexus punch.

Fitz kept the laurels until he met Jim Jefferies but Jeff, tough as he was, found the going pretty hard for it took him eleven rounds of terrific fighting before he forced Ruby Robert to succumb to a Jack Johnson. After he chased Burns all over the universe, the negro finally cornered Tommy in Australia and there, his challenge accepted, he battered Burns from pillar to post. So badly was Burns whipped that the police stopped the contest in the fourteenth round, the negro winning the title.

That made the fifth challenger to dethrone a champion in sixteen years with six challengers failing to vanquish the defender. Yet in each case, the bouts were gruelling ones.

Probably the worst beating a challenger has ever taken, was that which Jim Jefferies got at the hands of Jack Johnston in his famous "comeback" at Reno, July 4, 1910. Jefferies did not take all the punishment, however, for the negro got plenty also, but Jeff went down to defeat in the fifteenth round when his chief second threw in the sponge.



When a title was won on points. Gene Tunney, stunned by Jack Dempsey in fourth round of their bout in Philadelphia in 1926, comes back strongly and gains the decision of judges and referee.

Among the heavyweights, Jack Dempsey's defeat of Jess Willard was the nearest thing to a rout ever seen in a world's titular bout. It was the only bout in modern ring history which really ended in the first round. At least so it would have ended had the Queensberry rules been strictly enforced. True, the official verdict following the referee's reversal of his own decision, gives Dempsey a knockout in the third round as Willard was unable to answer the call for the fourth session, but in reality, Dempsey scored a knockout in the opening session when referee Pecord raised Jack's hand and permitted him to leave the ring.

WHEN Jeff retired, in 1905, Marvin Hart knocked out Jack Root in twelve rounds and Jeff passed the title on to the winner. A year latter Hart, defending the crown, fought a tough twenty round tilt with Tommy Burns who gained the verdict and with it possession of the laurels. Burns successfully defended the title against Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Bill Squires and then along came severe body attack and the crown again changed hands. Jefferies disposed of three challengers, Corbett being knocked out on the Coast in ten rounds, Jack Munroe, Butte miner, going out in two and Tom Sharkey losing in 25 rounds.

ANOTHER challenger fell by the wayside when Jim Flynn clashed with Johnson at Las Vegas and the police halted the onesided contest in the ninth round and two years later Frank Moran, challenger, lost a 20 round decision to Johnson in France but a new champion mounted the throne when Jess Willard landed the haymaker on Johnson at Havana in the twenty-sixth round.

What happened to Jess when he clashed with Dempsey, already, has been told. Five challengers failed to upset Dempsey, four of them being the victim of knockouts. Billy Miske lasted only three rounds. Bill Brennan gave Dempsey a hot battle only to lose in the twelfth

round and then came the famous four round knockout of Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres. This was followed by the most thrilling heavyweight bout of modern pugilism in which Firpo was disposed of in two rounds. Yet in that bout, the Argentinian came within a whisker of taking the title from Dempsey in the first round.

A challenger again came to the front when Dempsey was relieved of the crown by Gene Tunney through a decision and the new champion retained his laurels in another hectic combat in Chicago, Dempsey this time being the challenger. That bout almost resulted in a former champion heavyweight regaining the title for the first time in modern ring history, but the now famous "fourteen" count, prevented that.

IF one delves into the championship bouts in all divisions since Corbett's knockout of Sullivan, he will find that the average time it takes to dethrone a champion is a little less than twelve rounds, figures which show that the title holder dies hard. Such quick victories as Frank Erne's over Joe Gans in one round, Young Corbett over Terry McGovern in two rounds, Dempsey's over Willard in three, Dempsey's over Miske is three, Jefferies over Munroe in two, McGovern over Palmer in one, have brought down the percentage below the fifteen round mark.

However, one must not forget that in between 1890 and 1900 many championships were fought which went twenty to twenty-five rounds and others even beyond these. For example George Dixon and Carl McCarthy fought a seventy round draw.

Battling Nelson in the prime of his career met Joe Gans, then on the down grade, in the lightweight championship battle years ago. Yet Gans, weakened by age, by too strenuous exercise in training and by dissipation, forced the wonderful battler to go seventeen rounds before he could grab the crown from the dusky dome.

Constant hammerings and fighting had sapped much of the Durable Dane's strength when he fought Wolgast, yet he carried his stronger and younger opponent to the forty-one round mark of terrific milling and was still on his feet when the referee led him to his corner, an ex-champ. Wolgast could hardly stand on his feet when the referee made his decision.

It took Willie Ritchie sixteen rounds to win from Wolgast and then his victory was of the "fluke" variety. Honors were even up to the point that Wolgast began swinging wildly and below the belt.

Terry McGovern caught George Dixon when the negro was on the down grade and put him out in eight rounds. Stanley Ketchel beat Joe Thomas and took the middleweight championship away from him, but the fight went thirty-two rounds. Abe Attell lost his crown on points against Johnny Kilbane in twenty rounds, yet the boxing master gave the youth a mighty fight before relinquishing.

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Trail of Heavyweight Championship From the Last of the Bare Knuckle Contests to the Present Day

1889—July 8—John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain, seventy-five rounds, Richburg, Miss. (last championship fight bare knuckles).

*1892—Sept. 7—James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan, twenty-one rounds, New Orleans (Used big gloves).

1894—Jan. 25—James J. Corbett beat Charley Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville, Fla.

*1897—March 17—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated James J. Corbett, fourteen rounds, Carson City, Nev.

*1899—June 9—James J. Jefferies beat Bob Fitzsimmons, eleven rounds, Coney Island, N. Y.

1899—Nov. 2—James J. Jefferies defeated Thomas J. Sharkey, challenger for the title, at Coney Island, N. Y., twenty-five rounds (decision).

1902—July 25—James J. Jefferies knocked out Robert Fitzsimmons, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., eight rounds.

1903—Aug. 14—James J. Jefferies knocked out James J. Corbett, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in ten rounds.

1904—Aug. 26—James J. Jefferies knocked out Jack Munroe, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in two rounds.

1905—James J. Jefferies retired.

Marvin Hart knocked out Jack Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev., July 3, 1905. James J. Jefferies refereed and presented the winnr with the title, to defend against all comers. Jack O'Brien also claimed the title.

1906—Feb. 23—Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart, who claimed the title, at Los Angeles, Cal., in twenty rounds (decision).

1907—May 7—Tommy Burns defeated Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, Cal., twenty rounds.

1907—July 4—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires, one round, Colma, Cal. Jim Jefferies, referee.

*1908—Dec. 25—Jack Johnson (colored) won decision from Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds, Sydney, Australia, both having gone there from America because of the big purse of $35,000, of which Burns received $30,000. Police stopped contest.

1909—Oct. 16—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out Stanley Ketchel in twelve rounds, Colma, Cal.

1910—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out James J. Jefferies in fifteen rounds, Reno, Nev., for the world's title (Jefferies re-entering to defend title.) Tex Rickard, referee.

1912—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) won on points from Jim Flynn, nine rounds, Las Vegas, N. M., for title. Contest stopped by police. Referee Ed. Smith awarded decision to Johnson.

1913—Jack Johnson's government trouble during the later part of 1912 brought about his practical elimination, and a tourney was held for the white heavyweights in Los Angeles, Cal. Luther McCarthy, after defeating Al Kaufman, Jim Flynn and Al Palzer, was proclaimed champion white heavyweight of America. On May 24, 1913, at Calgary, Can., McCarthy fought Arthur Pelkey, the latter knocking McCarthy out in the first round. McCarthy collapsed in the ring and died from what the coroner's jury termed a hemorrhage of the brain, caused by a probable previous injury.

1914—Jan. 1—Gunboat Smith won white heavyweight title, knocking out Arthur Pelkey in fifteen rounds at San Francisco, Cal.

1914—June 27—Jack Johnson (colored) won twenty round point decision over Frank Moran of Pittsburgh, in Paris, France. Georges Carpentier, referee.

1914—July 16—Georges Carpentier won white title from Gunboat Smith on a foul in six rounds, London, Eng. Eugene Corri, referee.

*1915—April 5—Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson, twenty-six rounds, Havana, Cuba. J. Welsh, referee.

1916—Jess Willard defeated Frank Moran by popular verdict in New York (no decision), March 25. Charley White, referee.

*1919—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in three rounds at Toledo, Ohio, July 4. Ollie Pecord, referee.

1920—Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske in three rounds at Benton Harbor, Mich., September 6.

1920—Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan in twelve rounds at New York, December 14. Referee H. Hankaup.

1921—Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier, of France, in four rounds at Jersey City, N. J., July 2. Harry Ertle, referee.

1923—Jack Dempsey won on points from Tom Gibbons, of St. Paul, in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Mont., July 4. Referee Jack Dougherty.

1923—Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in two rounds at New York, September 14. Jack Gallagher, referee.

*1926—Gene Tunney won the title from Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in Philadelphia. Pop Reilly, referee. September 23.

1927—Gene Tunney won from Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in Chicago. Dave Barry, referee. September 22.

*Title changed hands.

Those Interviewing Interludes

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Gene Tunney

SCENE, the Tunney camp at Speculator, N. Y. The place is strewn with Shakesperian folios and dusty tomes on the Bard of Avon, and guides to walking tours of Europe. It also is strewn with war corespondents. Tunney is giving what is known as the common or garden variety of interview.

TUNNEY: Yes, I am in fine condition, but then I suppose I will have to be in better shape than ever to withstand the rushes of this blacksmith Heeney.

(*Withstand rushes is good. If I don't clout that bird's head off in three or four rounds my name is Jess Willard.*)

FIRST CORRESPONDENT: They say Heeney is as hard as nails and that he has developed a real defence.

(*That's the bunk but I gotta draw this guy out somehow.*)

TUNNEY: Yes, he probably has developed a fine defence as he has a good lot of teachers.

(*If that mug can be taught anything then I am the professor of Romance Languages at Yale.*)

SECOND CORRESPONDENT: Charley Harvey tells me that Heeney is fifty per cent faster than he was in the second Paulino fight. What do you make of that?

(*The blacksmith would have to be a hundred per cent. faster to get out of his own way, but we gotta get some kind of interview out of Gene.*)

TUNNEY: There is no doubt that Heeney is faster. He is well equipped physically and is bound to intrigue the popular fancy.

(*I guess that 'intrigue the popular fancy' won't go strong in the papers, what?*)

THIRD CORRESPONDENT: Heeney is young and he is ambitious, and somebody has told him to bore in and keep socking for the jaw.

(*Somebody's got to tell that guy everything—but we gotta get this interview somehow.*)

TUNNEY: It's a fine principle to keep socking for the jaw, just as long as it is possible to sock. Once in a while the man opposite you socks, and then there is a partial paralysis, as it were, and a temporary cessation of activity with a resultant count by the referee.

(*And don't I know it! I still can feel that wallop Dempsey gave me in Chicago. Say, that bird has one wicked smash in him, and I was lucky to get out of the scrap with that title.*)

FOURTH CORRESPONDENT: Heeney is all pepped up. He says he is the direct successor to Bob Fitzsimmons.

(*If he is a Fitzsimmons then I am Charley Dickens.*)

TUNNEY: Fitzsimmons was a great fighter, I understand, though I never saw him exhibit. If Heeney is the successor of Fitzsimmons then he is quite a boxer, no?

(*I could lick this Heeney if he were Fitz himself. I don't think so much of those old fighters.*)

FIFTH CORRESPONDENT: They say this is going to be your last fight, that you will have close to a couple of million and will retire to your farm or married life or something.

(*Yes, he will! They never retire until they get a smack on the whiskers. They never have so much money but what they want to have more.*)

TUNNEY: This matter of quitting the hustle and bustle of competition in the ring has occupied some of my random moments. When I have a little leisure I like to fondle the idea that I will quit and become a gentleman farmer.

(*That's good. Wait while all those palukas are around to be shoved over at so much a shove, and a grand promoter like Rickard to arrange the shovings. Boy, Barrow Street was nothing like this!*)

SIXTH CORRESPONDENT: You know, no heavyweight champion ever has quit undefeated. They always stick around until somebody comes along with the help of Youth and Sock, and take the crown away.

(*I'm talking right at this bird. Let's see if he creeps out of his shell.*)

TUNNEY: I know all about that and I am eager to quit unbeaten. I rather fancy the effect in boxing history.

(*Well, this guy Dempsey came near spoiling that ambition for me. But that's all over with and there isn't another fighter who can put me down for a count as Jack did. What a scrapper that man was—in fact, still is! If I ever had his spirit and his wallop, well, what's the use of dreaming about that!*)

SEVENTH CORRESPONDENT: I was over to see Heeney the other day and let me tell you that guy is made to order for you. He comes in unguarded and with that style of yours, you should peck him to pieces by the seventh.

(*This guy Heeney can take it and he has a strong constitution.*)

TUNNEY: Well, that may be true, but you must realize that Heeney has shown the ability to take punishment. I intend to make him use that ability to the utmost. But please tell my public that I am not taking anything for granted. I am fit and ready to rate Heeney as tough as Dempsey.

(*I gotta put in a few boosts for this Heeney because Rickard says not to say anything derogatory about that Blacksmith. And for all I know he may be tough, too. Those pictures of him certainly make him look like some of the bozos I used to see on the docks.*)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS: Well, so long Gene. Good luck to ye and don't lead with your right.

(*And if he does, what of it?*)

Tom Heeney

SCENE, the Heeney training camp at Fair Haven, N. J. Heeney sits with a scowl and a dollar bath robe. It is hot and sultry and Heeney is thinking of those foaming schooners of good old English brew, which he CANNOT get here. The yard is plastered with boxing writers, some of whom would like to be plastered themselves. Heeney is doing his best to give an INTERVIEW.

HEENEY: Yes, blime, this is the sort of weather, ye know, which takes a lot out of a fighter. And no cold beer, ye know.

(*What I could do to a tankard of ale, rot it. This is a funny country without tankards of ale, rot it.*)

FIRST WRITER: Do we understand that you are not a believer in prohibition, Mr. Heeney?

(*That's always a good subject for an interview, anyway. If he believes in prohibition then I believe in Mohammedanism.*)

HEENEY: Yas, prohibition is a wonderful thing, wonderful. I admire the citizens of this country for their self sac—their self sac—blime, Harvey, what's that word again?

CHARLEY HARVEY: Sacrifices, ye mean, Tom. Sacrifices.

(*If I haven't told that guy a hundred times I haven't told him once.*)

HEENEY: Yas, sac—whatever else it is. Wonderful country, this. Thanks to America, I have a chawnce to gain the title once owned by Fitz.

(*Great country for the coin, this is. Fancy going about without arf a crown in Lunnon and living like this over here. Not so bad, Tummas.*)

SECOND WRITER: Tunney says he will cut you to ribbons and then throw you away for ticket tape.

(*Gene never said that but ye gotta get something for that early edition somehow. Things have been dull around here.*)

HEENEY: He said that, did he? Well, cutting ribbons is aht of my line. But if I ever hit him with my right, de ye see—hit him with my right when I am set, blime, who'll be the champion?

(*It'll be a hard job to get set for this Tunney, but I ain't going to let him get away with any rubbish, ye know.*)

THIRD WRITER: They say you haven't developed any real speed here. Let's see you step around a little faster today and give him the works.

(*If he can step around fast then an elephant is a race horse.*)

HARVEY: This boy is not to be rushed. He knows what he is doing. He has a schedule and he is sticking to it. He will go into the ring in the pink.

(*I wonder who swiped that bottle of ale I had in the room? Ye gotta be careful with these foreign fighters—though Heaven knows I have had enough of 'em from Moran and Driscoll on.*)

FOURTH WRITER: I wouldn't worry about that fight. Tunney is no Dempsey. He can't hit. He can't box with a man like Loughran.

(*I wouldn't worry either if I were getting what Heeney is to get for taking it.*)

HEENEY: I rather think that anybody who has beaten this terrible man Paulino has something to brag abaht, what? I took that Spaniard, eh?

(*Blime me, Phil Scott was tough enough when he knocked me aht. But I've got to give these press men some taffy and all that sort of thing.*)

FIFTH WRITER: All you have to do to beat Tunney is last the limit and wear him down. If you can knock him down a couple of times, all the better.

(*Yeh, all the better! If he knocked Tunney down it'll be because of an earthquake in the neighborhood.*)

HARVEY: Yes, strange things have happened and they will happen again. Remember when Dempsey beat Willard? Remember when Tunney beat Dempsey? How much of a chance did you fellers give Tunney at Philadelphia? Yes, strange things have happened and they will happen again.

(*If Tom wins this one it will be the strangest thing of the lot.*)

HEENEY: Yas, how many thought I would beat Paulino? But I stayed with that tough boy and I can stay with Tunney. He can't hurt me, ye know. Us smithies are tough, ye know.

SIXTH WRITER: Yes, it's easy to see that you are tough, Tom. They don't call you Hard Rock for nothing.

(*That Hard Rock must refer to his head.*)

HARVEY: What do you fellers think of this training camp? A wow, what? Best camp I ever saw for a heavyweight,—quiet and all that sort of thing.

(*Quiet is right. Wish I was down at Sheepshead Bay.*)

HEENEY: Yas, best camp I ever did see. Restful, you know. And fine country. Never too hot, never too cool, with a bit of a breeze.

(*Yas, a great place. The breezes come from them writers talking all the time. It's hot enough for the bush country in Australia. Next time I fight I'll pick the camp and it'll be down at Coney Island. Lor, what wouldn't I give for a tankard of ale.*)

SEVENTH WRITER: Tunney will rush right out and plaster you like he did Dempsey at Philadelphia. You want to be on your guard right from the start. He'll let go that right at your jaw and he can hit. Don't forget that.

(*If he ever hits this bird the way he hit Jack, good bye blacksmith.*)

HEENEY: There won't be any surprise party, me lad. Not with Tom Heeney.

(*Blime me, rather a neat thing for the lad to tip me off. I'll be on my guard right from the gong.*)

HARVEY: Yes, I have told Tom all about Tunney's style. I saw the fight at Philadelphia and I was at Chicago. I have studied the thing out and of course, there's Mortimer to give him a line.

(*I've told this Heeney plenty, but how much has he remembered?*)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS: Well, so long Tom. Good luck to ye, and don't lead with your right.

(*And if he does, what of it?*)

A Mid Summer Night's Scream

(*Continued from page* 10)

Gene needs a motorcycle.

MARTIN: Go take the air!

JOHN: Go take a long count.

(*There is another epidemic of gurgling sounds while the lads cogitate over changing flavors.*)

* * * * * *

Spasm IV.

JAKE: I am listening to you fellers and you make me sick. What the boxfighting sport needs is another fighter like Choynski. Baseball gets a Andy Cohen. Now I hope this Emanuel feller becomes a real fighter.

JOHN: Naw, it ain't the Jewish fighters we need. What we need is a real harp in the title. Now Sullivan,—

MARTIN: For the luvva Mike McTigue, will you stop harping on that harp? Heh, do you happen to know that this here Sullivan is dead? Yeh, he died some years ago.

JOHN: Don't I know it? Boxing suffered,—

JOE: Yeh, but it ain't suffering any more than we are, what your dope and the dope we are getting in this joint.

LUKE: Now, as I was saying hours ago, this Tunney is nobody's mug. He is intelligent, he is fast, he hits and he quotes Shakespeare by the ream. Also, he raises boxing to a high plane by attracting the finest types of citizens to the ringside, not to speak of motion picture actresses and the boss's wife.

JOE: Yes, Tunney raises the game to a high level and now some of the boys can't see it. The level is too high and the prices are as high as the level.

JOHN: Now you are talking. The prices. Boy, when I am a young feller I see Jeffries and Fitz down at Coney Island for three bucks and I think I am a spender like John W. Gates or Phil Dwyer. Now it's forty bucks a throw and you have to know the guy who knows Rickard to get a seat in the seventy-third row of them rubber ringsides. Boxing has become big business like banking or making men's clothing or steel.

JAKE: I am with ye on this here high price business. What we gotta get is a downward revision of the fighters and the prices.

(*And so it happens that the debate is ended and the boys wander out into the night.*)

(The End)

Tunney-Heeney Bout Recalls Other Famous Contests Between British and American Boxers

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

JULY 26, 1928, will be a red star day in the history of British fisticuffs, for that day will go down in the records as the day on which the great international battle for the world's heavyweight championship between Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney took place. Other bouts involving the world's title in the heavyweight and other divisions have been fought between British and American subjects, but almost thirty-five years have elapsed since one has been arranged that has aroused the world-wide interest of this year's contest.

It was just twenty years ago that Tommy Burns, then recognized as the world's heavyweight titleholder, engaged in a championship match with a British citizen, that fellow being Bill Lange, whom he knocked out at Melbourne in six rounds. This was on September 2, 1908. On August 24 Burns knocked out Bill Squires in thirteen rounds at Sydney and on June 3 of that same year he disposed of Bill Squires in Paris in eight rounds.

Jewey Smith, Jem Roche and Jack Palmer, all Englishmen, were sent into dreamland by Burns on April 18, March 17 and February 10, respectively, these being staged in Paris, London and Dublin. However, none of the battles in which Burns participated before he was manhandled by Jack Johnson, who relieved Tommy of the crown in fourteen rounds at Sydney, Australia, aroused other than local interest.

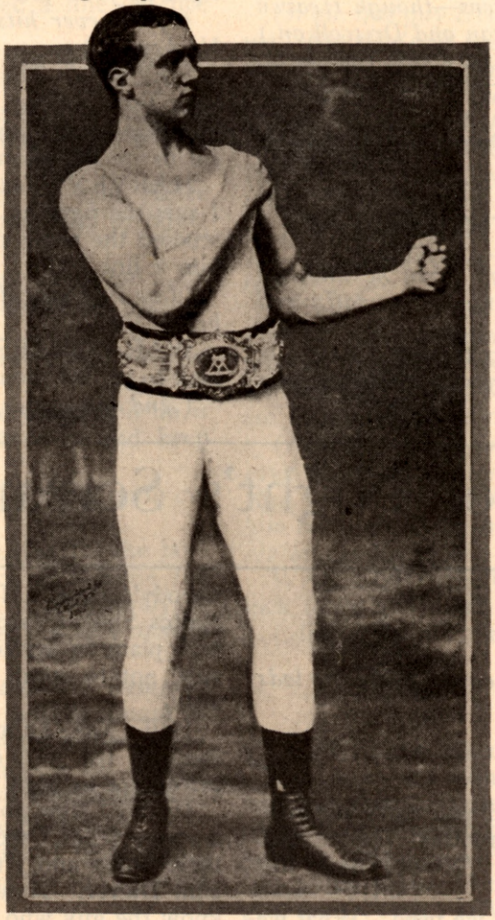
THE nearest approach in interest to this year's bout between an Englishman and an American for the world's heavyweight championship was that in which Charley Mitchell was knocked out by Jim Corbett in the third session. This contest took place at Jacksonville, Fla., on January 25, 1894, and was heralded as the leading boxing event since the famous international bout between Heenan and Sayers many years previously.

Like many other famous contests of that period, there was a motely gathering at the ringside, and the dyed-in-the-wool sports who took a chance on viewing the tilt traveled from all corners of the country under conditions entirely different from those of the present. They came in hacks, in trains and on horseback, and many drifted into Jacksonville so intoxicated that street brawls were of frequent occurence.

IF MITCHELL did as requested by his friend and patron, Squire Abingdon, the English pugilist was poorer by $10,000 following his knockout at the hands of Corbett.

THE aforesaid $10,000 was obtained by Mitchell during the making of the match with Corbett, and it was one of the most spectacular affairs of the kind in the history of the heavyweight division. The meeting was held in the editorial rooms of the Morning World, late in February, 1893, preceding the Fitzsimmons-Hall contest that took place in New Orleans on March 8, 1893.

The principals and their friends and backers went to the World office on the invitation of George H. Dickinson, head of the World's sports department, and one of the ablest sporting editors in the history of New York. The seating and standing capacity of the rooms were



Charley Mitchell

taxed to the last degree, a majority of those present being lured by curiosity to visuualize the noted Squire, who had come to America especially to witness the Hall-Fitzsimmons contest and to assist in making a match between Mitchell and Corbett. Reports to the effect that the Squire was loaded down with money on his arrival tended further to intrigue those who were interested in pugilism, and increased the throng that tried to join in the ceremonies of matchmaking.

WHEN Abingdon and Mitchell finally appeared on the scene, the rooms were crowded to suffocation and it was with difficulty that they made their way to their seats. As no arrangements had been made to rope off the space where the Squire sat, he was very much annoyed by numerous persons who leaned against him during the proceedings.

"Give the Squire a chawnce to breathe," interceded Mitchell, and his suggestion was acted on to a limited extent.

When the conditions for the match had been set forth and signed, Squire Abingdon arose from his chair, reached into his coat pocket, drew forth a large roll of bills and, handing the money to Mitchell, said: "Here's ten thousand, Charley. Bet it on yourself."

"Thanks, Squire," responded Mitchell, as he carefully stowed the money in his pocket. As no one present offered to cover the money and as Mitchell did not make any intensive effort to get anyone to put up a like amount, the meeting broke up without a $10,000 bet between the boxers.

Authentic records as to the fight are that the purse was $20,000 and that the contest was for $5,000 a side, but whether the $5,000 was part of the $10,000 handed to Mitchell by Abingdon is a question that never has been definitely settled. In those early days it was the custom for the backers of a fighter to furnish the side stake in advance of the battle, and usually contestants, after entering the ring, made another bet. For example, when Kilrain and Sullivan were ready to go on with their battle at Richburg, Miss., in 1889, Richard K. Fox, who backed Kilrain, sent $1,000 into the ring for Kilrain to bet on himself. Charley Johnston, Sullivan's backer, had sent an equal amount to John L., and the bet was completed.

NO reference is made in any reports of the Mitchell-Corbett fight as to the posting of money in the ring previous to the first round.

However, the $10,000 that Abingdon handed to Mitchell was but a drop in the bucket compared to what he expended at the affair between Hall and Fitzsimmons in the following month. Hall had done his training at Lakewood, much to the dismay of the denizens of that aristocratic resort.

Owing to the fact that Hall had a four-round knockout verdict over Fitz in

Australia, the former was a pronounced favorite to win from the Cornishman. Despite the fact that the bout was advertised as for the championship of the middleweight division, and that Fitz had won the honors from Dempsey at 154 pounds ringside, Fitz scaled 167 and Hall 163½ pounds when they entered the ring at the Crescent City. As there was no boxing commission in those days to supervise weights, etc., the match was generally advertised as for the middleweight title.

Hall's seconds were Squire Abingdon, Charley Mitchell and Jack McAuliffe, while Martin Julian was chief adviser of Fitz. While definite statements as to the amount wagered by Abingdon were never made, it is declared that the Squire expressed his confidence in the winning ability of Hall by a sum not less than $100,000.

FITZSIMMONS won by an apparent knockout in the fourth round, although several ringsiders declared that Hall showed a surprising lack of caution in guarding his jaw at the crucial moment of his downfall.

Not only was Abingdon the heavy backer of Hall in financing the contest, but the English sportsman sacrificed his life by acting as a second for the loser. In accordance with the cutom of seconds in those days, Abingdon stripped to trousers and a light undershirt, went into Hall's corner. The Squire worked feverishly over Hall between rounds, and soon became overheated. He also followed the ancient custom of hanging a wet towel over his shoulders during the rounds.

At the close of the contest Abingdon stood for some time in a daze, due to amazement over the speedy and unexpected defeat of Hall. The exposure sent Abington to bed in his hotel.

GEORGE ALEXANDER BAIRD, whose title was Squire Abingdon, was a very wealthy man, and he devoted most of his time to promoting sports, including racing and boxing. He was one of a class of rich Britons who delighted to finance contests between noted fighters.

Baird apparently had little knowledge of the abilities of boxers, for he once sponsored Jem Smith, holder of the English heavyweight title, but who was little better than Joe Beckett. Peter Jackson made Smith jump the ropes in the second round, and Frank Slavin also battered Smith most thoroughly, although the referee called it a draw.

It was charged that Baird engaged a gang of toughs to assist Smith, the "assistance" taking the form of hitting Slavin with sticks and other weapons. However, the fairer element of English boxing patrons took exception to the unfair tactics and forced the promoters to pay the stakes to Slavin.

As a result of the scandal, the Pelican Club, of which Baird was a member, expelled him.

The ratification of the Mitchell-Corbett match in a newspaper office, which was a radical departure from the former custom of meeting in a corner saloon, caused considerable comment. Dickinson repeated the feat by having Corbett and Fitz sign articles in the library of the New York Herald on October 11, 1896. At this time Dickinson was managing editor of the Evening Telegram.

Most Heavyweight Champions Giants: Willard, Biggest and Heaviest

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

ONLY three heavyeiwht champions since the days of John L. Sullivan have been less than six feet tall, and two of them were foreign born. Bob Fitzsimmons, who like Tom Heeney, the present challenger for the heavyweight crown, was a British subject, lacked one-quarter inch of what is usually designated as the giant class and Tommy Burns, a Canadian by birth, was only 5 feet 7 inches. Burns was the smallest of all heavyweight champions. Jack Root, who received the title from Jeffries, was only 5 feet 10 inches and scaled only 160 pounds.

Tom Heeney like Root, Burns and Fitz, rank among the 'shorts,' as Tom is only 5 feet 10¾ inches. Charley Mitchell, who engaged in a thrilling draw with John L. Sullivan, was also a heavyweight "pigmy." He was only 5 feet 9 inches and seldom weighed more than 160 pounds.

The tallest and heaviest of all heavyweight champions was Jess Willard with his 6 feet 6 inches and 240 pounds.

The first giant of the ring was James Figg, first English champion, who won the title in 1719.

Heeney, in weight and height and to a great extent also in build, is the nearest approach to John L. Sullivan, proclaimed by old timers as the "Greatest of the Great." The Boston Strong Boy weighed 196 pounds and was 5 feet 10½ inches tall. The tallest and heaviest of foreigners to engage in a championship bout was Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas who was three inches shorter than Willard and tipped the beam at 216 pounds when at fighting weight.

Jack Root—Height 5 feet 10 inches. Weight 165 pounds.

Charley Mitchell—Height 5 feet 9 inches. Weight 160 pounds.

Tom Heeney—Height 5 feet 10¾ inches. Weight 196 pounds.

Peter Jackson—Height 6 feet ½ inch. Weight 196 pound.

Peter Maher—Height 3 feet 11¾ inches. Weight

Gus Ruhlin—Height 6 feet 2 inches. Weight 182 pounds.

Tom Sharkey—Height 5 feet 8½ inches. Weight 180 pounds.

Kid McCoy—Height 5 feet 11 inches. Weight 160 pounds.

Joe Choynski—Height 5 feet 11¾ inches. Weight 162 pounds.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien—5 feet 10½ inches. Weight 160 pounds.

Georges Carpentier—Height 5 feet 11½ inches. Weight 175 pounds.

Luis Firpo—Height 6 feet 3 inches. Weight 216 pounds.

HERE are a few comparisons with the champions and top notchers of bygone days:

Figg—First known champion, 1719: Height, 6 feet ½ inch, weight, 195 pounds; chest, 44 inches; expanded, 48 inches.

Jack Broughton—1740: Height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 196 pounds; reach, 78 inches; chest, normal, 44 inches; expanded, 47 inches.

Tom Cribb—1811: Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 206 pounds; chest, normal, 43 inches; expanded, 47 inches.

Daniel Mendoza—1788: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 160 pounds; chest, nornormal, 45 inches; expanded, 50 inches.

Richard Humphries—1788: Height, 6 feet 3 inches; weight, 225 pounds; chest, normal, 45 inches; expanded 49 inches.

Ben Brain—1791: Height, 6 feet 4 inches; weight, 230 pounds.

Isaac Perrins—1789: Height, 6 feet 2 inches; weight, 220 pounds.

Jem Belcher—1805: Height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 182 pounds.

Hen Pearce (Game Chicken)—1805: Height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight 175 pounds.

Jem Mace—1870: Height, 5 feet 9½ inches: weight, 160 pounds.

Tom Sayers—1860: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 152 pounds.

John L. Sullivan—1883: Height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 196 pounds.

James J. Jeffries—1896: Height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight, 187 pounds.

Jack Dempsey—1919: Height, 6 feet ½ inches; weight, 192 pounds.

James J. Corbett—1892: Height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight 180 pounds.

Bob Fitzsimmons—1897: Height 5 feet 11¾ inches; weight 172 pounds.

Jack Johnson—1908: Height, 6 feet 1¼ inches; weight 206 pounds.

Gene Tunney—1926: Height 6 feet ½ inches; Weight 190 pounds.

Jess Willard—1914: Height, 6 feet 6 inches; weight, 240 pounds.

Tommy Burns—1906: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight 175 pounds.

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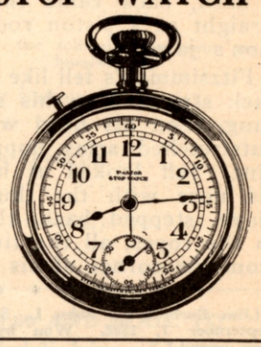

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Big Thrills of Heavyweight Battles of Past

By EDWARD MERRILL

THE great moments of great heavyweight battles of the past invariably came in the rounds which produced the knockouts. Not until Gene Tunney took the world's title from Jack Dempsey in ten rounds at Philadelphia in September, 1926, did the heavyweight laurels pass on points. The title figured in another contest settled on points in Chicago in 1927, when Tunney again had the better of Dempsey.

But when Dempsey took the title from Jess Willard, when Willard took it from Jack Johnson, when Johnson whipped Jim Jefferies, when Jeff took the championship from Bob Fitzsimmons,—the big moments came with the knockouts.

When Fitz whipped Jim Corbett, when Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan,—the thrill of thrills arrived in the finishing rounds. Here are the biggest moments of some of the big heavyweight fights of the past;

(Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Island A. C., June 9, 1899. Won by Jeffries in eleventh round.)

ROUND 11—Fitz came to the centre as willingly as Jeffries. He never faltered. And in this last battle he proved his gameness as he never did before. long, sneaky, left-hand feints, came in, shifted to the left, broke ground, worked in again and drew a left-hand lead.

He blocked it and came into the clinch with a furious right-hand jolt over the Fitzsimmons tried the right. It missed. Then came the left. It was blocked. Again Jeff feinted at the body. Then he stabbed it once. Then up came that awful left hook to the jaw. Then, like a flash, back came the arm, then out straight as a piston rod full to Fitzsimmon's jaw.

Fitzsimmon's fell like a dead man. His back struck, then his shoulders, with a bang, then his head with a thud. His outstretched arms flopped down beside him. Jeff looked at him and, rubbing his nose with the thumb of his right glove, stepped back, then strolled over to the ropes, all the time watching him from the corner of his eye.

* * *

(Jim Corbett vs. John L. Sullivan. New Orleans, September 7, 1892. Won by Corbett in twenty-first round.)

ROUND 21—Corbett left his chair, rushed at Sullivan and was upon John L. like a flash, raining on him a shower of lefts and rights. Under the panther-like assaults of Corbett the old lion was backed to the ropes. Then Jim curled up a nicely timed right hand smash to the jaw. The mighty John L. pitched forward on his face.

John came up O. K. again. He led with a weak left. Corbett was watching for an opening. The house was now all Corbett.

John sparred for Jim, but Jim jabbed him as he pleased. Fiercely Corbett fought the almost helpless champion to the ropes and banged him with right and left at will.

Sully fell three times. He tried to get up, and fell supinely back again, clearly knocked out.

Blood was pouring from his mouth and nose as he was lifted into his corner.

In three minutes Sullivan slowly raised himself in his chair and began speaking to his seconds. The crowd could not hear him, and yells of "Sullivan! Speech!" rent the air.

Sullivan arose, and Corbett crossed quickly over and shook hands with him. Sullivan tried to address the crowd. His voice was very hoarse as he said:—

"Gentlemen, all I have to say is that I stayed once too long in the ring, and that I am glad America has so good a champion."

* * *

(Jim Corbett vs. Bob Fitzsimmons, at Carson City, Nev., March 17, 1897. Won by Fitzsimmons in the fourteenth round.)

ROUND 14—Fitz rushed and Corbett steadied him with a hard left on the mouth. Again Fitz rushed and again received the same kind of a reception. Fitz led for the body with his left and brought a right overhand swing. He caught Corbett fairly on the ear with his right.

Corbett clung to his man, however, and nodded to his seconds in mute assurance that everything was going all right.

When they broke away Fitz worked Corbett around the ring and got in two heavy left-hand punches and there was another right-hander. Fitz caught Corbett a left-hander in the pit of the stomach and a right-hander to the jaw and Corbett went down.

He placed his hands on his stomach and there were cries of "Foul!" His face puckered up in withering pain. The seconds crowded into the ring. There was great excitement. Corbett crawled on his knees to the ropes and held on. People began to pour into the ring and Fitz moved them out. Martin Julian commenced waving a towel as if for a token of victory.

Jim's face had the appearance of crying and he kept bending down toward his groin to indicate that he had been fouled. The ring was soon invaded, the crowd clambering through the ropes.

Fitz was dragged to the corner and dumped into his chair. Jim made violent efforts to get at him the second time. Delaney clung around Jim's neck and others intervened and managed to hold the infuriated fighter at bay. Jim was forced bodily back to his corner, and Referee Siler made the announcement:

"Fitzsimmons wins."

* * *

(Gene Tunney vs. Jack Dempsey, Soldiers' Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927. Won by Tunney, 10 rounds. Decision.)

SEVENTH round—This round of the second battle between Tunney and Dempsey will go down as one of the most thrilling in modern times. For thrills, it was surpassed only by the first session of the Dempsey-Firpo contest.

Tunney started this seventh round by peppering and buffeting the former champion with left jabs, hooks and sharp, though light crosses. It was a masterful exhibition of boxing during which Gene was evading the heavier attack of his opponent.

Then something happened. Suddenly, as if out of a clear sky, came a bull-dog, with teeth set, furiously charging his prey. It was Dempsey, who smarting under defeat, tore in at Gene and lashed a terrific, long left to the jaw much to the amazement of his adversary. This he followed with a right to the jaw and quickly drove another left hook to the jaw under which Tunney toppled, hitting the canvas with a thud near Dempsey's corner.

Gene blindly reached for the ropes, grasped the middle one and sat with eyes in a blank expression, while Referee Barry frantically was urging Dempsey to go to a neutral corner. Unfortunately, Jack failed to heed this official, and as a result, four precious seconds were wasted before the referee began his count.

Gene sat there, prostrate, brain-numbed while Paul Beeler, the knockdown timekeeper, peeled off the seconds but it was not until Dempsey moved to the farther end of the ring and four second already has been tolled off, that Referee Barry shouted, "One." Barry did not pick up the count at five as is the rule in other states. He ignored entirely the four seconds during which he had to persuade Dempsey to get into a neutral corner.

By that time, Tunney's mind had cleared. It was in a state of revival which enabled him to think and observe, something he may not have been able to do had the referee taken up the count at five. With the aid of the ropes, Tunney arose at the count of nine and then began a marathon around the ring, show-

ing he had clearly regained his equilibrium.

Gene back-pedalled for dear life, took to full flight, and engaged in a light orderly retreat stabbing occasionally with soft jabs to the face of the plunging, desperate, vicious Dempsey, aroused now for the full kill.

Seeing his efforts were to no avail, the scowling Manassa Mauler suddenly halted on his tracks and scornfully urged Gene to stand his ground and fight. But Tunney was fighting his own battle and refused to heed Dempsey.

Gene kept backing steadily away, jabbing and tantalizing, with a left jab and right cross. Once Dempsey cornered Gene and pummelled away at the body, but Tunney protected himself by tieing Jack into knots, holding for dear life until separated by the referee.

That was the last chance Dempsey had to batter his foe into submission. He failed because he was facing a better man, a clever student of the ring game. When the bell sounded, Referee Barry warned Dempsey about hitting a low left to the body which did not do much damage.

The crisis was over. The shrieks of the crowd rent the air for the 132,000 spectators had just witnessed one of the most dramatic moments in modern ring history. It was a scene to grip the observer. A scene which sends quickening throbs through the pulses, truly a scene such as one witnesses but once in a lifetime.

Thus ended the thrilling seventh round of the $2,000,000 Soldiers' Field battle.

* * *

(Jack Dempsey vs. Luis Firpo — Polo Grounds, September 14, 1923. Dempsey won by knockout in second round.)

FIRST round—This round was even more thrilling than that in which Jack Dempsey hammered Jess Willard into a pulp, for although vividly suggestive of that ring drama at Toledo, it moved more rapidly. Unlike the lumbering, helpless Willard, Dempsey found in Firpo a willing, courageous fighter, a wild bull who knew not what the word quit meant.

The round started with Dempsey missing a left and was quickly followed by a short right uppercut to the jaw by Firpo that sent Dempsey to his knees. He quickly pulled himself up and then started the fireworks that held the breath of the spectators as never before in modern ring history.

Firpo put two rights to the body and Dempsey countered with crashing right to the jaw that sent the Argentine down for a count of three. Scarcely had Firpo's hand left the canvas than the champion rushed in and pounded Luis with terrific left hooks that crashed again and again against Firpo's skull. Firpo sank to his knees again only to arise at the count of two.

Left, right, left, right, went Dempsey's blows and down went the Wild Bull of the Pampas for the third time taking a count of three. Firpo lay flat on his back with the next blow, a crashing right hook and as he remained horizontal Dempsey stepped over his prostrate form waiting. Referee Gallagher, losing trend of himself, permitted the champion to retain this menacing position and Dempsey took advantage of the opportunity by watching his rival with a movement of a wounded tiger.

As Firpo started to rise, Dempsey circled around him and crashed another right to the jaw sending Luis down for the count of six. As Firpo arose again, Dempsey kept close behind him and when he saw Firpo's hand had left the floor, Jack sprang his opponent and sent him to the canvas for the sixth time. The man killer tried desperately to finish the South American but was not equal to the emergency for in Firpo he found an opponent who refused to give in.

Arising from the sixth knockdown, Firpo rushed at Dempsey and crashed the first blow with such tremendous power that Dempsey's knees sagged. Firpo then hit the champion nine straight times with his right, the last one forcing Dempsey through the ropes. The champion went sprawling into the laps of the newspaper men. Those rights of Firpo came one after another, relentless, powerful, each driving the champion nearer

Luis Firpo

and nearer to the edge of the ring so that when the eighth blow landed against Dempsey's jaw, his head drooped and his knees wabbled and made him an easy mark for the ninth wallop that sent Jack out of the ring.

Dempsey after being shoved by the reporters, struggled back into the ring, half craweld through the ropes and once back, faced the Wild Bull and took thirteen straight more blows before he was able to return one. Firpo sent one smash after another at the champion who finally drew in to a clinch and then swung rights and lefts until the gong sounded ending one of the most remarkable rounds since the defeat of John L. Sullivan by Corbett.

Second round—Dempsey, like a wounded tiger, sprang at Firpo at the sound of the gong. His pride had been hurt. He was eager to show the public that he was Firpo's master. Dempsey put a right to the body and then clinched.

Two terrible rights to the jaw sent Firpo down for the count of four and when Firpo arose he jumped in to a clinch. Dempsey landed a left to the head and followed with a right crash to the same spot that sent Firpo flat on his back. He rolled over and remained down while the referee counted the fatal ten.

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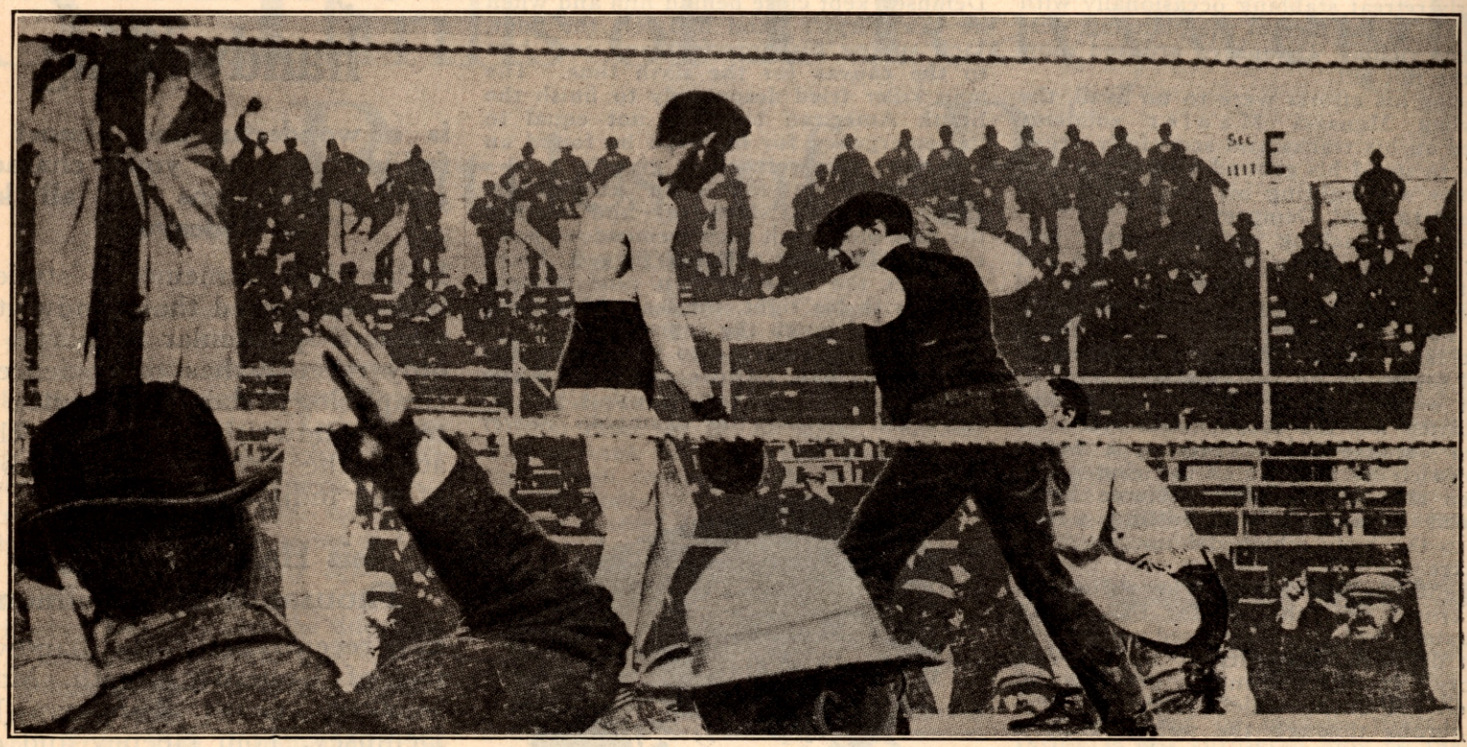
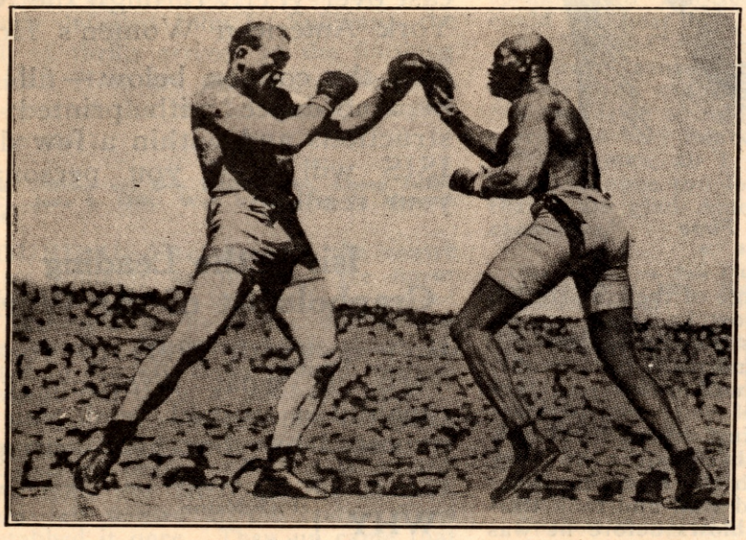
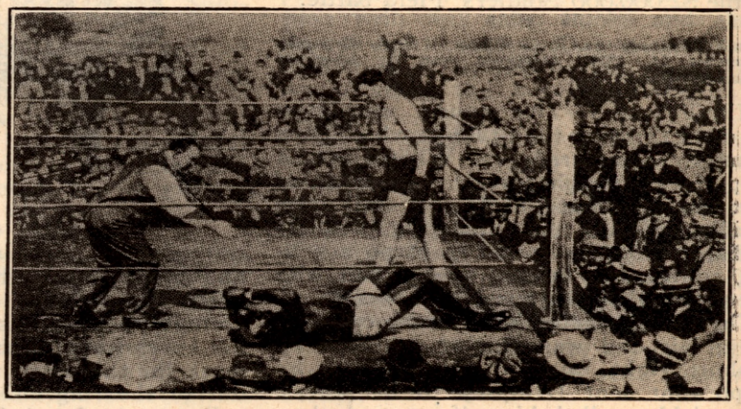


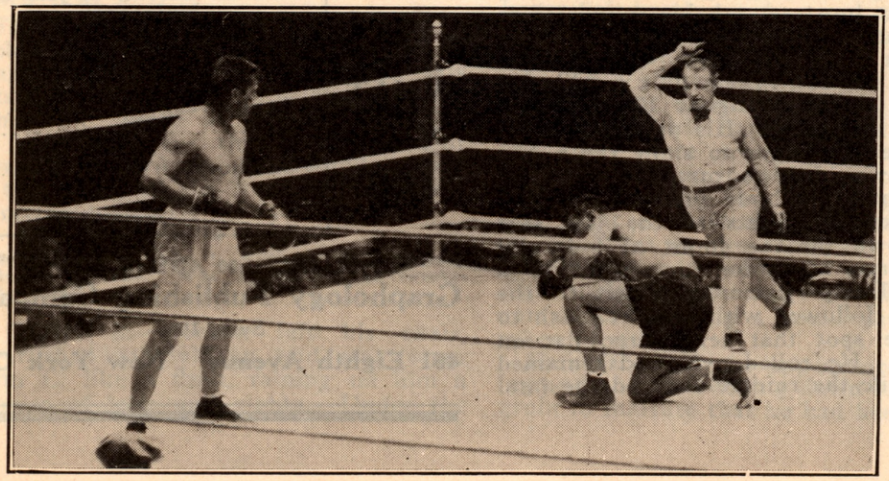
Bob Fitzsimmons down in sixth round of bout with Jim Corbett. Fitz knocked Corbett out in fourteenth.



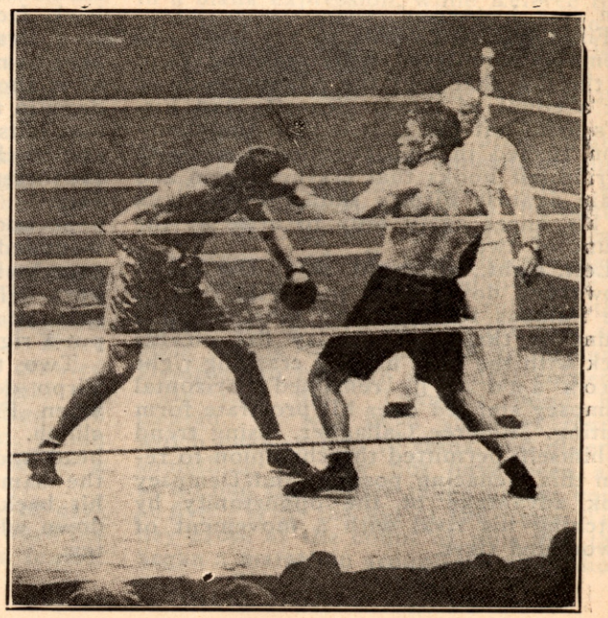
Jim Jeffries, making game attempt at comeback, was stopped by Jack Johnson in fifteenth round at Reno, 1910.



Jack Johnson shields eyes from sun as he is counted out in bout with Jess Willard at Havana in 1915 in 26th round.

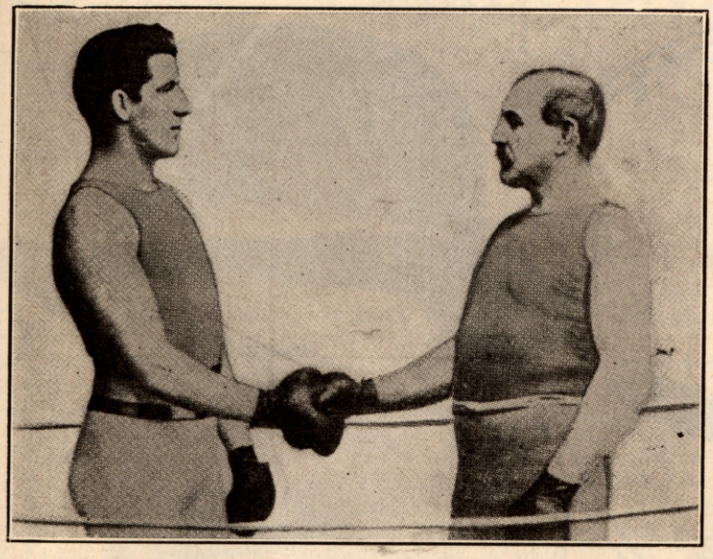


Jack Dempsey down for short count in eighth round of bout with Gene Tunney at Chicago.

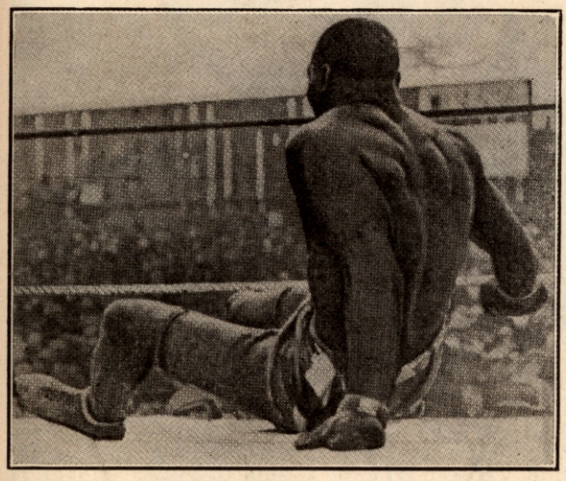


Gene Tunney (right) jabbing Dempsey at will in Philadelphia contest in which Gene won the crown.

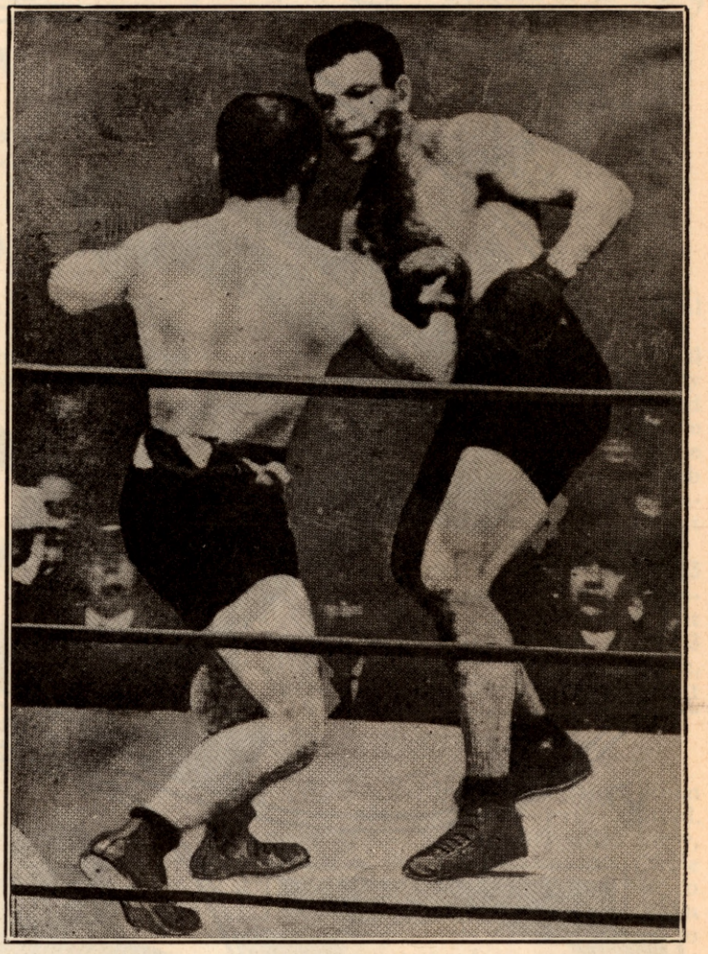
Fights That Never Will Be Forgotten



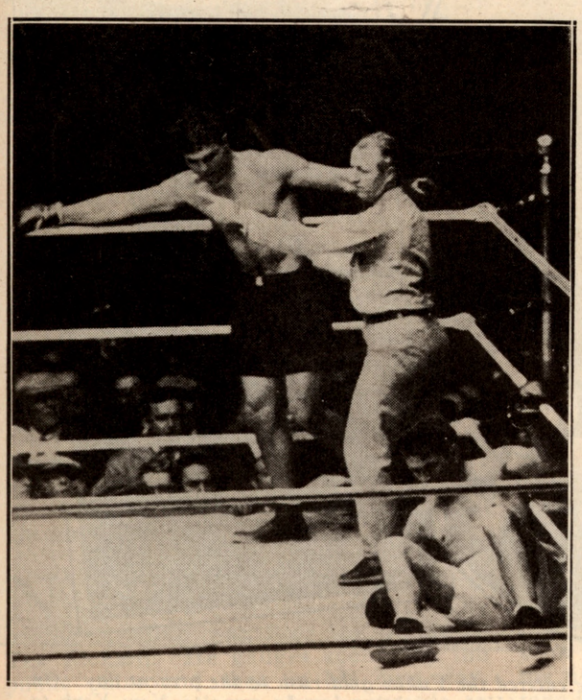
Above — The first modern exponents of the art of "Hit and Get Away." James J. Corbett, on left, and Jem Mace. The latter was the founder of the Mace School of Boxing.



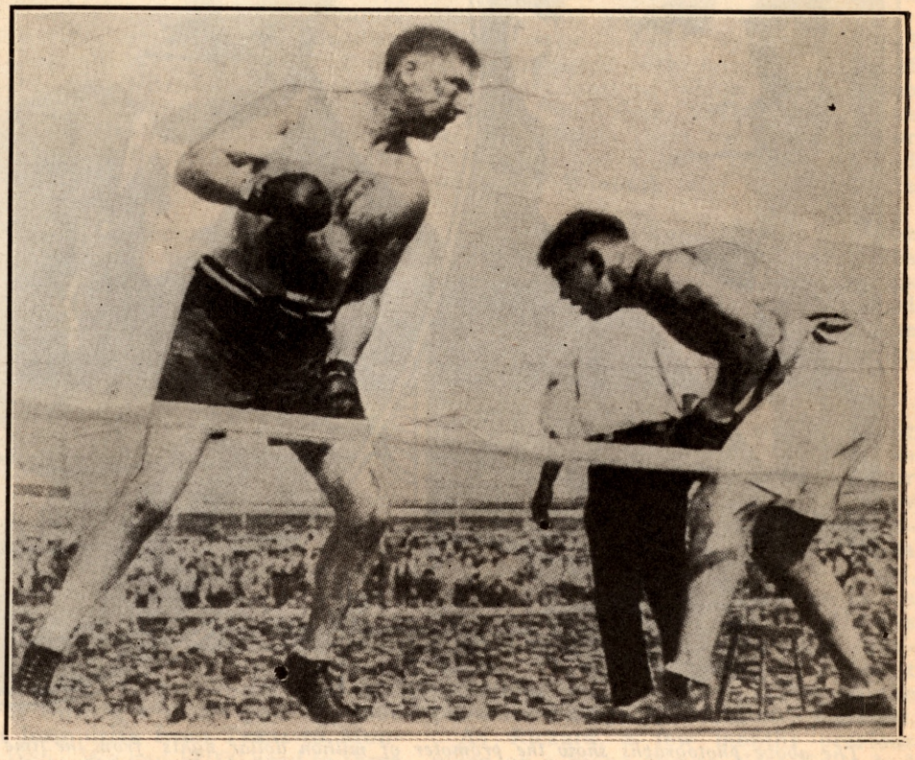
When Ketchel sent Jack Johnson down with a thud, only to be knocked out later by the negro.



Tom Sharkey (back to camera) forced Jim Jeffries to go 25 rounds to win this bout on points at Coney Island in 1899.



Here we have the thrilling seventh round at Chicago when Dempsey sent Tunney to canvas for the long count.



Jack Dempsey, in his prime, winning the crown from Jess Willard. Note Willard's battered and puffed face.

Tex Rickard Through the Years

The above photographs show the promoter of million dollar fights from the time he entered the Yukon gold rush to the present day. On top (upper left) we have the Tex Rickard who promoted the Dempsey-Carpentier bout. (Upper right) when he came to New York to stage the Willard-Moran fight. (Lower left) Tex as the promoter and referee of Jeffries-Johnson battle. (Lower center) as he is today. (Lower right) when he searched for gold in Alaska.

Once Gambler, Always Gambler, True of "Tex" Rickard

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

ONCE a gambler, always a gambler! This is an axiom which seldom fails. Ask "Tex" Rickard.

Probably no sport promoter ever has taken the chances Rickard has risked. The man who promoted the Jeffries-Johnson, Gans-Nelson, Dempsey-Carpentier and Dempsey-Tunney bouts and who this year brought together Heeney and Tunney in an international battle for the world's heavyweight championship, thinks and dreams in big figures, figures such as only the big gambler can visualize without the aid of an adding machine.

"Boxing's Greatest Showman." This is the title Rickard has earned through his marvellous success in handling contests in sports which have drawn millions and earned millions for himself and his backers.

From cowpuncher, gold prospector, dance hall proprietor and gambler, the king of fight promoters has created for himself a role such as no man identified previously with sport had achieved. The gambler's lure sent him to Alaska, caused him to roam through the wild west during a period when the sharpshooter was a handy weapon and then lured him to Broadway, the Great White Way of the Greatest City in the world, there to reap a fortune that will enable him to live in comfort the rest of his life.

THAT in short, tells the tale of the man who staged the first million dollar fight and since has added three to the list. The tale of a fellow who always took a chance, the natural adventurer who loves living for the thrill he gets out of life and whose greatest kick is obtained from packing 'em in at the shows he stages.

The life of George L. (Tex) Rickard, the "Master Mind" of the athletic world, has been a most picturesque one. It has been crowded with adventure, with thrills such as only the author of the Frank Merriwell tales could dream of. Two hundred millionaires are now his pals. They are his backers in the gigantic structure over which Tex rules. Yet years ago, up in the Klondyke, out on the California Gold Coast and in the mining region of Nevada, Tex only knew of millionaires by name. To-day, they are his fervent worshippers at the Temple of Sock and are his best purchasers of ringside seats.

NO sportsman of modern times has had such a complete understanding of the sporting wants of the public as Tex Rickard. He gauges accurately the public pulse and then in his own way, according to well set plans, proceeds to give the people that which they want.

Asked recently how it feels to stake a million dollars on a fight, Tex causually replied:

"Why, I never feel as though I am staking anything to be worried over. Strange as it may seem, I have never yet undertaken any enterprise but what I have made certain in so far as my calculations could go, that I would make a profit before undertaking it.

"I am called a big gambler. I find no fault with this. My life has been one in which I have learned that the man who never takes a chance gets nowhere and the fellow who takes too desperate a chance without figuring the possibilities, seldom succeeds. I have always adopted the middle course. I study every angle of an enterprise, examine the prospects, take into consideration the possibilities for failure and then launch into my plans fully satisfied that success will be mine," wound up the Garden impressario.

TEX RICKARD is just as much at home in an Alaskan bunk house as he is in a Fifth Avenue drawing room. He knows Wall Street just as well as he does the Chaco country in Argentina. Paris salons and Paraguay battle camps, the wild free places and the cramped canyons of great cities, close fellowship with broker and bootblack, cow puncher and city clerk, Nevada miner and New York dillentante, South American cattle king and Canadian lumber jack all have added to and enriched the worldwiseness of this chap, who looks and acts like an ordinary New York businessman, but whose lean, sinewy frame and bronze features still hint of the far frontiers of civilization.

RICKARD was born in Kansas City, but his parents moved to Texas before he was out of his swaddling clothes. His father, a millwright, died when he was eleven years of age, and little George "Tex Rickard," is not Tex Rickard at all, but was born and christened George Lewis, became the main support of a widowed mother, two brothers and three sisters.

"As far as school went, I finished my education when I was a lad of nine," smiles Rickard, "but I have been learning ever since. I'm a graduate of the College of Hard Knocks, which has a whale of an alumni.

'Like all Texas kids, I could fork a broncho almost as soon as I could walk. I got into sheepskins and started punching cows when I was a mere lad and soon was earning a man's pay. I made my first long drive from Texas to Montana in 1886. We had 13,000 head in three herds. The winter was a fierce one. Blizzard followed blizzard, and when spring came only 870 out of the original 13,000 head were left.

"I went back to Texas and punched cows till 1892, when I was elected City Marshal of Henrietta. We had few bad men in our section of the Pan Handle and there wasn't much gun play or cattle rustling. I hadn't been long on the job before I decided to hit North and resigned. I wound up in Alaska. That was in '94.

"Jack Dodson and I staked out No. 3 and Al Mayo and myself No. 4 on Bonanza Creek. Both claims panned out good. I disposed of my interest in No. 3 for $17,000. It was my first big mistake. My successors took $300,000 in gold out of it. I sold my interest in No. 4 for $40,000."

"I WAS a hardened sour dough when the Klondike gold rush started. We were at Circle City, 300 miles away, when news of the strike drifted in. Circle City, man, woman and child, wanted to hit the trail. Dogs were scarcer than hen's teeth and outfits almost as hard to obtain. We managed to get our outfit together, but had no dogs. It was a man-sized job pulling one's own sled, loaded with six months' provisions, down the trail from Circle City to Dawson in the winter of '97.

"We made Dawson City, however, well in the vanguard of the onrushing army of prospects, most of whom had to come from the South over Chilkoot Pass. When we hit Dawson there were only one or two cabins and a dozen or so tents and lean-tos. A month later it was quite a burg."

It was with the funds gained from the sale of his mines that Rickard opened his Northern in Dawson City. He ran his roll up to $100,000 and then luck turned and he went broke. That is how he came to sawing wood at $15 per cord along with Rex Beach at Rampart.

HOW did Rickard become a boxing promoter? After a dozen years in Alaska Tex decided to dodge another Arctic winter and left Nome for sunny California. When the big strike Goldfield was flashed Tex jumped to Nevada and at Goldfield opened up his third hotel, calling it The Northern, the same as his place in Dawson City and Nome. He was made a member of the Chamber of Commerce. The business men decided that something was needed to advertise the place and hit upon the idea of a big fight.

As Rickard, a few months previous when on a flying trip to New York, had attended the McGovern-Britt bout in Madison Square Garden, Tex's conferrees

First "Million Dollar Gate" Bout

The above shows part of the huge gathering at Boyle's Thirty Acres, where Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier in the fourth round.

promptly agreed upon him as a fistic expert and told him to go to it, and land a big match in Goldfield.

Tex Rickard little dreamed when he saw McGovern and Britt box in Madison Square Garden in 1906 he would come back to secure a lease on the famous arena and stage bouts which would dwarf the go between Terrible Terry and Handsome Jimmy into insignificance.

Yet, it was not long after he became the leading New York promoter that Tex realized even that arena was too small and now the goal of his ambition has been reached with the New Garden as his crowning effort.

RICKARD liked the McGovern-Britt bout so well that he attempted to arrange a return match for Goldfield. But he couldn't locate Britt and when Joe Humphries, who then was associated with Sam Harris in the management of McGovern, received Rickard's offer Joe laughed himself sick and went up and down Broadway waving the "telegram from some nut out in the desert who donates $30,000 for a bout between Terry and Jimmy Britt."

"Failing to get a tumble from either McGovern or Britt," says Rickard, "I wired Joe Gans asking him if he would come to Goldfield and fight Nelson. The old master replied he would. I then wired Billy Nolan for terms on Nelson. He wired back, $30,000. 'You're on,' I answered; 'money is on deposit in bank here.'

"I didn't know so much about fights and fight managers then as I do now, or I would have landed Nelson for half that sum. Billy Nolan couldn't believe it, but when I got him on to Goldfield I took him into the bank and showed him his $30,000 all in gold nuggets. Then and not till then was he convinced. How Nolan held me up for another $3,500 before he would let Nelson go into the ring, and how he forced Gans to make a prohibitive weight, is an old story."

YET, despite the size of the purse for the Gans-Nelson bout, a record one for a lightweight championship encounter, Rickard emerged from the bout with a reasonable profit. Gans and Nelson received $30,500. The gate receipts were $69,715, the largest ever received for a boxing bout up to that time. Yet, compare those receipts with some of the gates Rickard's contests since have attracted.

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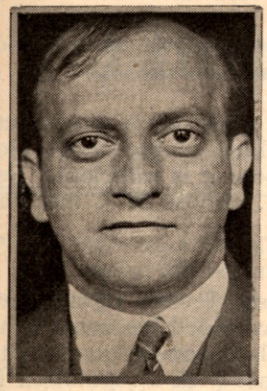

Nat Fleischer Says:

Jimmy McLarnin King of Sockers
Armand Emanuel Gains Prestige
Tommy Loughran Busiest Champion

THE Month of June, 1928, was one of many heartaches for the promoters who were hit hard by inclement weather and of fouls and thrilling fighting such as seldom has been crowded into the space of four weeks. The month also was a busy one for champions, especially Tommy Loughran who twice within three weeks defended his crown. The outstanding battles of the month were the Walker-Hudkins tilt and the Loughran-Latzo, Latzo-Lomski, Courtney-Shade, McLarnin-McGraw, Risko-Godfrey, Dorval-Charles, Loughran-Emanuel and K. O. Phil Kaplan—Martone contests. Each was a humdinger, but none of the above compared in thrilling, heart-throbbing excitement with the McLarnin-McGraw bout.

The dynamite-laden right mauler of little Jimmy, the baby-faced idol of the Pacific Coast, ended that contest in less than a round and again proved to an admiring public that the Irish lad is the second best lightweight of the age and one of the greatest sockers in the history of modern pugilism. For his weight and size, little Jimmy carries the wallop of a Jack Dempsey. Not since the days of Terrible Terry McGovern has the fistic world seen the equal of McLarnin as a hitter.

McLarnin's powerful fist met the iron jaw of McGraw and to the amazement of 12,000 persons, the iron jaw, which hitherto had withstood the powerful drives of the best lightweights in captivity, crumpled before the vicious, well-timed attack of the baby-faced Irishman, and in two-minutes and forty-five seconds, the fight was over.

* * * *

McGraw's First Knockout

IT was the first knockout McGraw has suffered and by turning the trick, McLarnin proved satisfactorily that the haymakers he landed on Sid Terris and Louis Kid Kaplan, were not flukes. The knockout reestablishd McLarnin and earned for him a return bout with Mandell. Whether he gets such a contest remains to be seen.

That McLarnin is eager for the return engagement is obvious from his line of talk over the "mike" following his k. o. of McGraw, for he remarked to his invisible audience:

"I met a tough boy tonight and I beat him in less than a round. I know now that I've earned the right to a return battle with Sammy Mandell and I hope he gives it to me."

If Jimmy will heed the advice of wiser heads, he will keep going after the other boys in his division and temporarily, for at least another year, let Sammy Mandell continue to rule supreme. McLarnin, while easily disposing of the hardened McGraw, demonstrated that he is a great hitter but until he learns a little of the technique of the sport, the science which predominates in the make up of Sammy Mandell, it would be foolhardy again to lead the great little Irishman to the slaughter.

"I've seen great fighters in my day," remarked Tex Rickard to the writer after McLarnin had sent McGraw down for the fourth time, once clear through the ropes, "but none to equal that boy as a slugger since the days of McGovern."

Tex's opinion is voiced by thousands of other fight fans who love to see a knockerout in action. It is the McLarnins of the ring, the Dempseys, who make boxing the big drawing card it is to-day, and if a promoter can pick up a McLarnin or Dempsey, he is assured of netting himself a handsome fortune. That is why Rickard is tickled silly over the prospects so far as McLarnin are concerned. He has a mint in Jimmy and Tex is certain to take full advantage of the opportunity.

What would Rickard or Humbert Fugazy give to have a McLarnin in the heavyweight division?

* * * *

A Questionable Verdict

ON the same night that Jimmy disposed of Phil McGraw, another great battle was being staged in the middle west, where at the Chicago baseball park Mickey Walker, world's middleweight champion was defending his crown against Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska Wildcat. While the decision in this ten round bout was awarded to Mickey, the fight fans and the scribes were about equally divided regarding the justice of the verdict. Several of the New York newspapermen who witnessed the bout felt that at least Hudkins was entitled to a draw, and three came out boldly with the announcement that Walker was entitled to only two rounds, Hudkins to five with the remainder even. Grantland Rice, sports expert of the New York Tribune, one of the leading sports scribes and boxing experts in America, declared in strong terms that Hudkins won the bout.

Regardless of the merits of the decision, which we cannot question because we were not on the scene, we shall here go on record with the statement that our special correspondent, who made a trip to the scene for The Ring and who in our opinion is as keen a judge of boxing as this country can boast of, gave the fight to Hudkins by the margin of two rounds. His tally showed Hudkins winning five rounds and Walker three. He felt that Hudkins forced the fight, delivered the most telling blows and was all over the champion in most of the rounds. Be that as it may, Walker received the verdict and we congratulate him upon the retention of his crown in one of the most bitterly fought battles seen in the West in several years.

As for Hudkins, he proved to the fighting world that he is as good a scrapper at the middleweight limit as he was in the lower class, and that the middleweight class has been enriched by the addition of a good, two-fisted, fearless fighter who in his style, reminds one of the days of Battling Nelson. The middleweight division now boasts of more good men than at any time in the last half dozen years, with Hudkins earning the right to second place in the standing. With such fellows as Mickey Walker, Ace Hudkins, George Courtney, Dave Shade, Jack McVey, K. O. Kaplan, Tommy Milligan, Maxie Rosenbloom, Harry Ebbets, Rene De Vos, Frankie Schoell and Al Webster, there is plenty of fine talent to keep the division in the limelight this year.

* * * *

Boxing Commission's Error

THE action of the New York State Boxing Commission in again naming George Courtney the leading contender in the middleweight division, has created considerable discussion now that Ace Hudkins has demonstrated his prowess in that class. Dave Shade gained a verdict over Courtney at the

Coney Island Sporting Club, but that decision was marked by dissension among the fight fans and experts. By giving Courtney the same standing as contender which he enjoyed before the Shade fight, the New York Boxing solons virtually challenged the decision as an unfair one and this being the case, either the commissioners erred in taking an official slap at their own representatives, or the referee and the judges proved themselves incompetent and should suffer according. If not, it goes to reason that Shade, by his victory, should have supplanted Courtney, otherwise he would be justified in demanding redress from the commissioners for their unwarranted action in depriving him of honors won through an official verdict.

Such rash action by those in charge of boxing does considerable harm to the sport. A boxing commission must either side with its referees and judges and abide by their verdict or clean house and put more competent officials in line of duty. The best way of settling the contendership now would be for a return Courtney-Shade battle, the winner to face Ace Hudkins who, overnight, so to speak, has placed himself in the front rank of the middleweights. Such competition would keep the interest alive in the middleweight division and net a worthy challenger for Mickey Walker.

THE defeat of Jack Dorval by Pierre Charles proved a sad blow to both the Pennsylvania Timber Wolf and his manager, Harry Lenny, who figured that Jack was ready for the big shots in the heavyweight class. If ever a fighter had a jinx pursuing him, such a man is Dorval. Broken hands or other misfortunes have pursued him from the day he started his boxing career. In his battle with Charles, Dorval broke his right mauler and had to fight for seven rounds against the aggressive, terrific hitting Belgian, with only one hand in use.

* * *

THE Godfrey-Risko battle eliminated the negro from the field of "Menaces," but did not boost the stock of Johnny any as in the opinion of the majority of experts, including the writer, Godfrey won that battle and should have been awarded the decision. However, Godfrey has no one but himself to blame, for had he cut loose as he did in two of the early rounds, it is my humble opinion he would have checked the rise of Risko.

The trouble with Godfrey is that he possesses a sympathetic feeling towards his opponent. He dislikes to punish a fellow being and feels that outpointing an opponent is sufficient. Perhaps so, but not when the spectators, almost to a man, are rooting for his opponent.

* * *

ARMAND EMANUEL, the young Jewish light heavyweight from the Pacific Coast has added his name to the list of the Californian fighters who have made good in the East. Armand, lawyer-boxer, came East with a reputation for cleverness, and although he failed to impress much in his debut against the veteran Mike McTigue, made up for that by giving the Madison Square Garden fans as pretty an exhibition of boxing as has been seen in many moons when he lost to Tommy Loughran, world's champion.

Jumping into the breach on five days' notice when Jimmy Slattery, who was scheduled to fight Loughran for the title, broke his hands, Emanuel entered the arena a 6 to 1 shot, and at the end of the seventh round, he was little worse than an even money proposition so well did the Californian perform. While the decision was against Emanuel, and met with hisses and boos, in our opinion it was justified. We scored six rounds for Loughran, three for Armand and one even, but that scoring by rounds does not do justice to the splendid work of the loser.

In several of the rounds it looked as if Loughran, a master of scientific boxing, was the pupil and his opponent, who has engaged in only twenty-nine fights and lost his first verdict against Tommy, was the master instructor.

Emanuel has made good the prediction of Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett and other admirers. He is there and with a mighty BIG "T". Make no mistake about that. Give the boy another year's tutoring and experience and there is not a light heavyweight who'll be his master.

Bally Hoo! How Championship Battles Are Arranged

(*Continued from page* 5)

Then comes Stage Three. The champion goes off to the woods and starts training. The boxing writers begin to trickle into his camp. One day he "fell out of a canoe and nearly drowned," First page stuff in New York papers.

The challenger goes to camp. He is confident. "One day he fell out of a boat and nearly suffocated." Page Ten in the New York papers.

The ballyhoo is on. It is given impetus from the New York office of the promoter. Reams and reams of publicity.

The fight is not hot enough. On with the juice. Reams and reams more—and pretty soon the match becomes absolutely torrid. Those who had been holding off flop with a crash and the ticket sale hits a new record.

Rich man, poor man—tickets, tickets—a mad rush, and the scalpers get busy.

THE third and last stage of the ballyhoo is on. The promoter never fails. The fight is a "natural" no matter who challenges.

And so it is that the once apathetic public become hot for the Tunney-Heeney fight weeks before it was put on.

And it is thus that a world championship bout is put on.

Not that way in the long ago, was it? The managers met. Or better still, the fighters met—preferably in some bar room. They exchanged hot words, and meant them. Sometimes they swapped punches.

The fight was made, and in three or four weeks they battled, often eluding police and sheriffs.

No wild ballyhoo, no Big Business—no Rickard in the days of long ago. No stadiums—no million dollar gates—in the era that has gone!

ONCE the champion is signed there must be the start of what is known as the ballyhoo. In the old circus days the flashy gent with the "diamond" horseshoe stick pin in his Ascot tie, the hombre who did the shouting in front of the tent housing the bearded lady, Wallace, the untamable lion, and the sword swallower, did what was called the ballyhoo. This word with its picturesque intonation and its direct meaning, has been taken over in modern boxing and it serves well.

When the champion is signed there is no immediate announcement. That would be too direct. There are rumors. Tunney has signed, Tunney has not signed, Tunney will sign, Tunney will go to Zambesi, Rickard will stage no fight this year, Dempsey will come back, he won't come back—oh, weeks and weeks of that, and all the while the champion's signature rests in the vault of the promoter.

Finally there is a great hegira to some distant point. Rickard is to see the title holder and discuss terms. The boxing writers go along. The grand yarn is about to pop.

And it does pop. Tunney signs—the cameras click, the flashlight powder pops. Well, well. It was a terrific task, but at last the title holder has consented to fight for the edification of the palpitating public.

That closed Stage No. 1 of the ballyhoo.

OF course, the champion cannot shadow box for $600,000 or so. There must be a challenger. The first man who suggests himself is the former title holder. Will he fight again? Will he come back? Weeks of this. He will. He won't. His wife won't let him. She will. His doctor won't stand for it. His eyes are bad. His eyes are good.

At last, a likely man is chosen. In the case at hand it was Tom Heeney, a fighter who a year ago was just one of those heavyweights from across the seas. Just a year ago Mr. Mortimer begged Rickard to come over to a gymnasium only six blocks from the Garden in New York to see Heeney work, and just a year ago

(*Continued on page* 27)

Their Handwriting Tells a Tale

By VIVIAN MONTAGUE

(Leading expert in graphology)

THE seers and sky-gazers have had their say on big boxing events. They have scanned the heavens and made their predictions. But now comes something new in the field of boxing prediction,—the entry of graphology, or the study of handwriting—into the discussion. It is not my intention to make any prediction on the fight between Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney, because handwriting does not go that far.

But graphology does enable us to arrive at the outstanding qualities and characteristics of boxers, and this should help.

With this in mind I undertook to analyze the handwriting of Tom Heeney and Gene Tunney and from that data compiled a list of outstanding characteristics of the two fighters. This analysis furnishes some most interesting angles on the heavyweights—especially in the case of Heeney, who is not the untutored man he seems to be rated. Here is my data on Heeney and Tunney and on the famous Jack Dempsey as well:

Gene Tunney

GENE'S "a" indicates ability to see the other fellow's moves.

b—A bold, fearless attitude in the ring.
c—Show why he has a curve and speed in his left hand swing.
d—Indicate deep thinker.
e—Emotional when confronted with ideas of others.
f—Frankness in his dealings in business.
g—Grim determination in keeping up his health.
h—High ideals in all things.
i—Why he knew boxing would win him a world's reputation.
j—Joy he has in his own family ties.
k—A keen judge of reach or time.
l—Laughs over earlier years that have brought him into stardom.
m—Why the girls will have a hard time in turning his head or heart.
n—Never lets the other person talk him out of his own ideas.
o—Neat in his personal appearance.
p—Proud of the friends he makes and keeps them years.
q—Quick to decide any new issue which might arise.
r—Religious ideals which sometimes lead him into day dreams.
s—speaks on subjects very readily.
t—True lover of art and literature.
u—Why his uniform brought him glory.
v—His voice carries a magnetic appeal.
w—Walks with a quick alert step.
x—Why many outdoor sports appeal to him.
y—He has so much youth and vigor in all his actions.
z—Zest in forging ahead in all new endeavors which take him outside of his boxing field. In retiring from the ring he will be kept in front of the public eye.

* * *

Tom Heeney

A STUDENT of graphology, after studying Tom Heeney's hand-writing would say, "Here is a man who will never give up the fight, who will put every ounce of his energy to forge ahead to the very finish."

His firmness in writing tells one that he is alert and a keen judge of his own swift strokes to his opponent's body—quick on his feet.

His letter "s" would show he uses both the old and new style of Stance, making a new record in his style of boxing.

His h's show health, vigor and quick to decide an issue with his trainers.

His l's can make one readily understand his genial smile and the sparkle to his eye that he makes himself popular with those whom he comes in close contact with.

m—Great lover of nature—children, horses and dogs will always find a true friend in him. Prefers the country to congested city life.
y—The girl who wins his heart will be put through many tests. It will have to be Tom she loves, not his money.
s—Show you pathetic nature, quick to come to the aid of others in sorrow.

Neat in appearance, likes harmonizing colors in the quiet shades such as blue, brown, gray.

Firmness in his business dealings.

The very timely ending to his signature shows confidence in himself while in the ring. Keeps his head if they are with him or against him. He has the happy faculty of keeping in touch with every move and punch his opponent gives. Can take his medicine like a man.

* * *

Jack Dempsey

A TELLS the reason for his being able to make the masses feel his magnetic personality in the ring.

b—Boxing skill of his very own.
c—Why he did not copy others.
d—Daring and fearless.
e—Easy way in handling reporters.
f—Firm in his love for his family ties.
g—Gives the other fellow a square deal.
h—Holds on to his money—clever in his business arrangements.
i—Capable manager of Hotels or outdoor sporting events.
j—Joy in building his own home and unique ideas.
k—Keen observer of actions of others near him.
l—Why he is first to start the attacks in the ring.
m—Marked ability to recuperate readily.
n—Neat dresser likes harmonious colors.
o—Old ideas of training is easily forgotten and is quick to make a better change.
p—Perfect balance on his feet.
q—Noises annoy him.
r—Ready to give praise to others.
s—Stage attracts him.
t—Truthful and candid in his opinions of others.
u—Unable to hurt another's feelings without due cause.
v—Victory has never turned his head.
w—Why he gives the swift uppercuts so accurately.
w—Why he forgot to go to his corner.
y—Youthful in his actions.
z—Why the masses would like to see Jack have a come-back, so here's three cheers for him.

YOU will note from the foregoing data that graphology does have a peculiar interest for the boxer or the follower of boxing. A graphology expert may be able to determine for you whether you should go in for boxing, or continue a boxing career already started. But I do confess that we haven't got to the point of star gazing and making predictions.

BALLY HOO!

(Continued from page 26)

Mr. Rickard laughed and said he had more important business.

But Heeney fought his way up to a fight with the champion. It is not our idea to discuss the strength of Heeney or the advisability of passing up Jack Sharkey. That's Mr. Rickard's affair. He matches the men and you take it or leave it. Usually you take it, no matter what you may think of it weeks ahead.

When the big ballyhoo blast comes it takes a very strong man or one absolutely broke financially to resist the lure of the ring and the gong and the crowd and the spectacle. Always there is the spectacle—90,000 persons jammed into a compact arena—the night and the lights and the hum of voices—the fight and the drama—the punch and the champion perhaps downed.

WELL, the man is picked! He is signed by the promoter. But this, too, cannot be given out at once. Never be direct with your information, is the axiom of the promoter and his press agent.

The discussion waxes hot. Who deserves what the fancy calls "the shot?" Heeney will do, he won't do. Sharkey is the man. No, Sharkey won't do. He lacks aggressiveness. Oh, if only Dempsey could come back.

Weeks and weeks of this.

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New York Boxing Notes

By LEFT JAB

TOMMY LOUGHRAN'S throne is tottering! Out of the west, or Pacific Coast to be more explicit, has come a youngster who threatens to wrest the light-heavyweight championship from the noble dome of the Philadelphia Adonis.

Armand Emanuel, young barrister, who came within the proverbial eyelash of receiving the decision over Loughran a few nights ago, after ten sensational rounds in the Madison Square Garden ring, is insistent that he be rematched with Loughran with the latter's title at stake.

The 7,000 fans who saw Emanuel outbox Tommy in seven of the ten sessions, howled loud and long when the officials decided in the Quaker lad's favor. Before the men climbed through the ropes Loughran was 1 to 6 favorite. Beginning the seventh stanza Emanuel was quoted 5 to 7; that's how close it was.

At weighing in time the day of the fight, Emanuel scaled 175, the championship poundage. He could have insisted on a titular tilt. But Armand had given his word to come in overweight and he lived up to it. He excused himself, went into an outer office, drank three glasses of water and then jumped on the scales again. He put on a quarter of a pound, and everybody was happy, particularly in the Loughran camp. Emanuel scaled 177 in his victorious stand against Mike McTigue. Thus, it is reasonable to believe he will have no trouble making the weight if Loughran gives him another chance.

For a boy only fighting his twenty-ninth contest, and against a man of the class of Loughran, Emanuel must be given a world of credit. Experience, a persistent body attack and the fact that Loughran has the heart of a champion counted in the closing rounds. But if Emanuel can do as well as he did in such a short time in the ring, it seems safe to predict that another year or two will find him a test for the best of the big fellows. The kid has speed, ring intelligence and genuine fighting spirit, and if he can strengthen his wallop with the addition of more poundage, the Jewish race is liable to boast of a big Benny Leonard in the near future.

As this edition of The Ring is rushing to press, Emanuel and his father-manager Charles are contemplating returning to their San Francisco home. Armand needs a good rest. They may return next winter. Another Loughran-Emanuel scrap in the Garden will pack 'em in. During his short stay in New York the Emanuels made a flock of new friends. Armand's mother is a wonderful woman. She goes to all the fights, but stays home when her son scraps.

Sid Terris returned to the wars after a protracted absence on July 6, paired with Ray Miller, of Chicago. After he was flattened by Jimmy McLarnin in jig time, Sid decided to take a long rest. In five years of fighting the likeable Sidneh has amassed a fortune. Like Bennie Leonard, he is practically the sole support of a large family.

Incidentally, we ran into Leonard's mother the other day. She was sunning out in the small park on West End Avenue and 106th Street. Mrs. Leonard looked the picture of health. She admitted that her pride and joy's retirement helped to put her back on her feet. She was also glad that her "baby" Joe had given up trying to emulate Benny in favor of the cloak and suit business.

BARCELONA, Spain, is getting to be quite a spot for boxing. On July 6, Joe Dundee fought Hilario Martinez at catchweights. The welter king received $15,000 guarantee with the privilege of a nice percentage.

There is a chance that Archie Bell will go to Spain in the Fall to fight one Victor Ferrand, fly and bantam champ. Ike Dorgan expects to close the match shortly. Dorgan also contemplates returning to his home town, San Francisco, in the next few weeks, where he will throw in Lope Tenorio with some good lightweight, and Bell with the best bantam in that town. Frank Shuler, promoter of the new Dreamland Arena in 'Frisco, has closed with Dorgan for the two matches.

Dorgan, who happens to be Tad's brother, came to New York in 1906. Tad nicknamed him Ike. He was christened John Leo. When he arrived at the Grand Central he had $400 in gold. He won this small fortune at the Emeryville race track. Tad obligingly loaned him a badge for Sheepshead Bay. Ike blew the 400 iron men that very day.

Tad got him a job on The Journal. Ike covered fights and wrote breezy notes. In 1915 he teamed up with Tex Rickard. He was managing Frank Moran. Tex had no trouble coming to terms with Ike for Moran's services against champion Jess Willard. After the fight Dorgan became Rickard's press agent and he has been with him ever since. In the old Garden Ike made a fortune managing Charley White, Fay Kaiser, Solly Seeman and a flock of others.

Greenwich Village continues to sing the praises of Jimmy McNamara, classy featherweight. The little Irishman turned in two winning performances in main events in June, defeating Jimmy Kelly and Johnny Filucci. Harry Christie, one of Gene Tunney's old pals, discovered McNamara. Recently he sold him down the river to Abe Katz.

"Windy" Eddie Walker is getting some good breaks. Harry Ebbets, crack middleweight, has come through with two fine kayos in the Garden ring. He flattened Laddie Lee and then knocked the skids from under Joyner's legs. They tell us Harry is an inveterate gambler. He is to be seen in the daily rushes at the tracks. Too bad. Some day he'll be sorry. And it isn't too late right now to stop. Ebbets is a clean fighter, a good socker and the type who invariably gives the crowd a run for their money.

Joey Le Grey, French-Canadian welter, triumphed in his last three starts over Pete Hartley, Harry Wallace and Cuddy De Marco, respectively.

Jack Moore is keeping his two battlers ,Jack Kiernan and Al De Galdo, on the jump.

Many may not agree with us but the beating he received at the hands of George Godfrey will do Johnny Risko more harm than good. In other words, if he fights some good man in the next few weeks, the so-called Cleveland Rubber Man may hit the canvas for the full count. George has softened up plenty.

In the fourth round of their Ebbets Field duel the black man from Leiperville, Pa., shot a terrific left hook under Risko's heart. We waited for Johnny to fall, but the old boy didn't as much as take a back step. Godfrey was disappointed too. In close, Godfrey landed short jolts to the body and ribs, the kind of punches Jack Dempsey used to bring 'em down with.

Risko, despite the bad licking he received, came back like a house on fire in the last three rounds belting the big Negro all over the ring. Apparently this marvelous show of bravado and the fact that Godfrey outweighed him 44½ pounds, got him the decision. Personally, we thought Godfrey was the winner. Several thousand dollars was lost, Phil Glassman, of Philadelphia, dropping $5,000.

Godfrey did not sail for Barcelona, Spain, June 29, as scheduled, for his bout with Paulino Uzcudun on August 7. Manager Jimmy Dougherty cancelled passage when he learned that the check forwarded by the promoters did not call for payment until the day after the fight. Dougherty's agreement provided that the check would be cashed in New York three days before the battle.

When are we going to get a peek at Mr. Harry Blitman, Philadelphia southpaw? Two or three weeks ago Maze Hoff's star trounced Tony Canzoneri. From all accounts this Blitman boy is almost as good as Lew Tendler was when Lew first began to make a bid for the lightweight championship.

WHY did George Hoffman give up the Olympic games trip in favor of turning professional? Most of the newspaper boys and A. A. U. officials have panned big George for refusing to uphold the Stars and Stripes at Amsterdam. It was not until the writer accosted Hoffman and asked him to give his version of the thing that the truth came out. It appears George is the sole support of a widowed mother and three children.

"Boxing is going to be my profession," admitted George. "Sooner or later I had to fight professionally, so why not right now while the thing is hot. I have to make money and make it quick. Hence my decision to go on big time. I am going to be a champion some day. Mother and the kids are rooting for me."

Hoffman celebrated his debut in the "pro" ranks recently in a four-rounder at the Garden by knocking out his man. He was the heavyweight champion amateur!

Like Tommy Loughran, Ted Morgan is a real champion. He has defended his junior lightweight crown several times. On Independence Day night he gave Eddie (Cannonball) Martin a return shot.

Jack Curley, intrepid wrestling promoter, is back managing fighters. He is directing the pugilistic destinies of the Squires' brothers, Bill and Johnny. They arrived here several weeks ago from Johannesburg, South Africa. Bill recently opposed Johnny Risko. We are rooting for Mons. Jacques to get a break in the manly art sport.

The three brothers of Tom Heeney, Jack, Pat and Artie, made the long trip from New Zealand to see Tom fight Gene Tunney.

Old Jupe Pluvius wrecked things around something scandalously during the month of June. It rained almost every other day. Naturally the small clubs suffered tremendous losses, with the possible exception of the Queensboro in Long Island City, which just made the grade. Several important matches had to be cancelled, or held back. A shame? You said it.

Tripped into Harry Lenny on Broadway the other night and he allowed how Lady Luck refuses to give him a break. Jack Dorval will not don a glove for three months. Incidentally, Harry told us that Fred Perry, the duke of Havana, purchased the contract on Dorval for him from Perfumery Jack Kearns. The price was $5,000.

Mike Jacobs, famous ticket speculator, has put Fair Haven, N. J., on the map. The old boy put up the training quarters for Tom Heeney in that bustling town, and all in all, he made a wonderful job of it. Talking about good fellows, Mike is the best host extant. In his home there is nothing too good for you. Mrs. Jacobs also sees to it that you are made to feel at home. If the mayor and other officials are appreciative, they should build Michael a monument on the main street.

Scotty Monteith is tickled pink with his job as matchmaker of the Olympia Arena in Detroit. Scot has moved his family to that fast growing town. Monteith gets $100 a week and a share of the profits. Dick Dunn likes him and that's what counts. He did a good job the day he swiped the Jimmy McLarnin-Stanislaus Loayza match from the Garden people.

There are several prominent Broadway sportsmen who want to purchase McLarnin's contract from Pop Foster for $50,000. Is he worth it? Twice that much.

The net receipts of the Godfrey-Risko scrap promoted by Humbert J. Fugazy were in the neighborhood of $48,000. From the grapevine route, we learn that Fugazy guaranteed Risko $30,000 and Godfrey twenty percent. If such is the case, he must have lost another chunk. Philadelphia promoters are hot after a return match but it is very likely Risko will give Godfrey the well known chill.

MANNIE SEAMON, who trained Benny Leonard for most of his important fights, may have another lightweight champ in the young person of Eddie Guida, of Harlem. Eddie turned in a scintillating performance at the Garden recently stopping the tough Billy McMahon. Guida has many of Leonard's characteristics in the ring.

Sammy Baker's kid brother, Jackie, is coming along by leaps and bounds. He has scored six consecutive knock outs. He is a welter. Nick Florio, Frankie Genaro's trainer, is handling the youngster.

Nick Testo, Ed McRedmond's hard hitting Troy welter, recently flattened Billy Leonard in two heats. Testo had Sergeant Baker on the canvas twice in their last fight.

Milton Jampole, Harlem lightweight, is now under the management of Phil Rosen. Jampole gave Alf Mancini, the Englishman, a stiff argument last year.

Leo Gates has quit the resin canvas in favor of the police department. His last fight was with Jack Sharkey in St. Louis. "I've been fighting eleven years and I can't go on forever," he said. "My wind is getting short." Gates was never a star, but he was courageous. He is 28, lives at 354 West 110th Street, and his real name is Arthur Beerier. He was managed by Max Meyer.

"Furious" Tommy Furey passed cigars the night his Marco Polo defeated Bing Conley at Dexter Park. About time Tomasso got a break.

Al Singer, sensational Bronx feather, celebrated his debut in Tex Rickard's arena by belting out Tommy Gervel.

Harry Lenny is the champion hard luck manager in existence. He just can't shake the old jinx off. The other day Jack Dorval went to the post for him paired with Pierre Charles. In the very first round Jack broke his left hand. Despite the injury Dorval put up a game stand but he couldn't make the grade. A couple of times he rocked Charles with right crosses. Charles, on the other hand, gave a masterly exhibition. While Lenny will have to wait until Jack's hand mends, Gus Wilson is cleaning up with his Belgian.

JIMMY McLARNIN is back in his stride again. He thrilled another vast audience the night he stopped the rough, tough Phil McGraw in one round. Although we are frank to admit he will never live to see the day he can beat Sammy Mandell, the baby-faced little Irishman will knock off any man who stands up and fights. He may never reach the dizzy heights of the lightweight ladder but the youngster will make a fortune before he hangs up his gloves. McLarnin received $15,000 recently for his fight with Stanislaus Loayza in Detroit.

Leo P. Flynn has landed a great light heavyweight prospect in Tiger Payne, of Australia. He forked over $5,000 for the dusky lad's contract. Payne made good in the Garden a few weeks ago by winding on a foul over Joe Monte, of Boston. Payne is a straight puncher and he can take it plenty.

Sol Goldie is singing the praises of Jack Berg, "English lightweight with an American style." In Chicago a few weeks ago Berg trounced Freddie Meuller, of Buffalo.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

RAIN has hampered the intentions of open air boxing promoters during June to a great extent but withal there was plenty of ring history.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, added to his prestige by whipping George Godfrey at Ebbets Field. Risko was outweighed by over forty pounds but lived through that obstacle in the early rounds and staged a whirlwind finish that thoroughly intimidated and removed all of the ferociousness out of the Leiperville Shadow. By his victory, Risko has removed a serious menace to the white heavyweights and in my judgment ranks second now among the heavies.

Among the month's leading bouts were the following:

Jack Sharkey, Boston Tar, disposed of Leo Gates in three rounds which did not enhance his rating as the bout merely served as a workout for Sharkey. Pierre Charles, Belgian Invader, endowed with the stolid fearlessness characteristic of the Belgian race, scored over Bud Gorman and Napoleon Dorval and made noticeable strides.

Young Stribbling stopped Joe Packo in seven rounds. Otto Von Porat only required a round to finish Tony Tatbenau of Buffalo. Jim Maloney was awarded a decision over Jack De Mave but was knocked down eight times during their melee. Tony Funete was given the verdict over Big Boy Peterson.

Ludwig Hayman captured the German heavyweight championship by stopping Franz Deiner, former titleholder, in eight rounds. Harold Mays beat Benny Touchstone. Les Marriner, new heavyweight material from Chicago, finished Tex McEwan in two heats. Mike Mandell won over Vijo Doman while Big Bill Hartwell stopped Larry Gaines in six rounds.

Battling Levinsky, rejuvenated veteran, whipped and was beaten by Emmett Rocco in two bouts. Joe Monte scored over James J. Braddock and in turn was disqualified in the sixth round of his bout with Tiger Payne for low hitting. Clemente Sanchez was credited with a victory over Monte Munn at Buenos Aires.

Tommy Loughran managed to pull through victorious on points over Armand Emmanuel in Madison Square Garden. Armand proved himself a legitimate light-heavyweight by scaling under the 175 pound limit in the afternoon but was forced to increase his weight and come in overweight in order to secure the match. It was a splendid battle with Tommy's greater experience and ring generalship asserting itself at the proper moment.

Emanuel in a previous conflict with Mike McTigue was floored for the nine count in the opening round but pulled through in the latter rounds and gave the veteran a neat boxing lesson. He failed to impress in that contest but vindicated himself against real class.

Leo Lomski was disqualified against Pete Latzo in the sixth round for fouling after being cautioned several times. It was a vicious encounter with honors about evenly divided. Latzo fought a great fight under the existing circumstances. Lomski was favored in the betting at 4 to 1.

Jimmy Slattery outpointed Tony Marullo.

Charley Belanger scored over Vijo Doman.

George Manley drew with Lew Scozza and in a return match proved his superiority by getting the verdict.

Cuban Bobby Brown whipped Homer Robertson in Philadelphia.

Mickey Walker successfully defended his title against Ace Hudkins but according to the various newspaper comments it was far from a popular decision. Hudkins proved himself a legitimate middleweight by scaling at 155 pounds and in the future will confine his efforts in that division. Prior to the Walker match, Hudkins stopped Buck Holley in one round while Walker was content with outpointing Jock Malone in a preliminary skirmish.

Dave Shade was awarded the decision over George Courtney which failed to meet with unanimous approval. Dave before that, whipped Tiger Johnny Cline while Courtney stopped Vic McLaughlin in the fourth session.

K. O. Phil Kaplan disposed of Harry Martone in three rounds. The dispute over the knockout credited to Tommy Milligan over Maxey Rosenbloom grew to serious proportions. Rosenbloom engaged in another bout on English soil after losing to Tommy on a foul, and trounced Roland Todd.

Rene De Vos whipped Henry Goldberg and Billy Franklin. Harry Ebbets again showed his knockout punch to advantage by stopping Ollie Joyner in middleweight titleholder, whipped Johnny Gerardin four rounds at the Garden. Jack McKenna, Canadian on the Hudkins-Walker program and Toughby Griffiths licked Wolcott Langford the same night.

EDDIE BORDEN'S MONTHLY BOXING RATINGS

The following are my ratings for the month ending July 1

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
1—Gene Tunney	Tommy Loughran	Mickey Walker	Joe Dundee	Mushy Callahan
2—Johnny Risko	Jimmy Slattery	Ace Hudkins	Sammy Baker	Baby Joe Gans
3—Jack Sharkey	Pete Latzo	Dave Shade	Tommy Freeman	Jackie Brady
4—Tom Heeney	Leo Lomski	George Courtney	Al Mello	Freddy Mueller
5—George Godfrey	Armand Emanuel	K. O. Phil Kaplan	Nick Testo	Tommy Jones
6—Phil Scott	Charley Belanger	Maxey Rosenbloom	Jackie Fields	Sammy Vogel
7—Young Stribling	George Manley	Rene De Vos	Young Corbett	Eddie Kid Wagner
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Lew Scozza	Frankie Schoell	Jack Thompson	Harry Wallach
9—Pierre Charles	Cuban Bobby Brown	Jack McVey	Jack Hood	Murray Elkins
10—Otto Von Porat	Art Weigand	Tommy Milligan	Billy Light	Canada Lee

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
1—Sammy Mandell	Tod Morgan	Tony Canzoneri	Bushy Graham	Izzy Schwartz
2—Jimmy McLarnin	Cannonball Eddie Martin	Harry Blittman	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Stanislaus Loayza	Mike Dundee	Joey Sangor	Archie Bell	Midget Wolgast
4—Billy Petrolle	Johnny Jadick	Pete Nebo	Al Brown	Johnny Hill
5—Manuel Quintero	Leo Kid Roy	Eddie Shea	Teddy Baldock	Newsboy Brown
6—Sid Terris	Ray Miller	Bud Taylor	Young Nationalista	Steve Rocco
7—Bruce Flowers	Sammy Dorfman	Benny Bass	Eddie O'Dowd	Johnny McCoy
8—Lope Tenorio	Honeyboy Finnegan	Andre Routis	Vic Burrone	Willie Davies
9—Jack Kid Berg	Sammy Fuller	Santiago Zorilla	Joey Ross	Pete Sanstol
10—Billy Wallace	Lew Kersch	Rosey Stoy	Johnny Vacca	Frenchy Bellanger

Floyd Hybert defeated My Sullivan and was beaten by George Levine.

Al Mello retained his claim to the New England welterweight championship by scoring over Billy Murphy, local rival, but lost on a foul to Frankie O'Brien in four rounds, after leading all the way. Jackie Fields turned in an astonishing performance when he stopped Jack Zivic in seven rounds and Don Fraser in the first round. Zivic has previously been beaten by Young Corbett on the Pacific Coast.

Lew Tendler, veteran welterweight, after knocking out Nate Goldman in five rounds, announced his definite retirement from the ring. Nick Testo knocked out Billy Leonard in the second session. Sammy Baker and Jack McCarthy were ejected from a Detroit ring when the referee decided that they were stalling. Jack Thompson won over Billy Light at Chicago and Jack Hood successfully defended the English welterweight championship against Alf Mancini at Mirmingham, England.

Mushy Callahan lost the decision to Jackie Carr but still kept his junior-welterweight title. They boxed at catchweights. Murray Elkins scored over Al Bryant. Paul Pirrone, Cleveland youngster, a great prospect who has been advancing rapidly, knocked out Walter Prussak in two rounds.

Jimmy McLarnin, Belfast Spider, by the power of his mighty fist returned to the head of the lightweight contenders. He flattened Phil McGraw in the first round, having him on the canvas four times before the referee stopped the slaughter. Stanislaus Loayza, Chilean contender, whipped Joe Glick in a great battle. Billy Petrolle showed great activity during the month and participated in four bouts. He knocked out Armando Shekels, defeated Jack Kane, Bruce Flowers and then drew with Doc Snell.

Jack Kid Berg, English lightweight, forced himself upon the horizon through sheer fighting ability. He whipped Johnny Mello in Detroit and then administered a severe trouncing to Freddy Mueller at Chicago. Tommy Grogan knocked out Augie Pisano in a round.

Maxie Strub stopped Boots Antley, defeated Jack Duffy and Mike Ballerino. Joe Azzerella stopped Pedro Amador in eight rounds and then was knocked out himself by Red Fry in two rounds.

Joe Medill whipped Steve McDonald, Canadian lightweight champion in a bitter battle at Chicago. Eddie Guida, New York youngster, stopped Billy McMahon in five rounds.

Mike Dundee scored a close decision over Joe Glick at Cleveland and then fought a draw with Eddie Anderson who has before dropped a verdict to Leo Kid Roy. Johnny Jadick, fast rising Philadelphia, whipped Honeyboy Finnegan. Sammy Dorfman triumphed over Johnny Filucci and Bert Brown won over Bobby Garcia.

Tony Canzoneri suffered a serious setback by losing to Harry Blittman in Philadelphia. Tony had whipped Vic Foley the week before.

Joey Sangor scored over Santiago Zorilla in Milwaukee and the Panamanian returned to the Pacific Coast to get licked again by Bud Taylor. Rosey Stoy knocked out Al Corbett in two rounds but was decisively beaten by Eddie Shea in his next start. Pete Nebo trounced Benny Bass and retrieved some of his lost prestige.

Johnny Datto won over Chick Suggs. Gaston Charles after losing a close verdict to Charley Lupica recovered lost ground by giving Billy Evans a decisive trimming. Maurice Holtzer, latest French arrival now living in Cleveland, won his second start over K. O. Brown.

Dominick Petrone defeated Johnny Lawson. Al Singer defeated Petey Mack and stopped Tommy Gervel in four rounds. Singer has been advancing rapidly and looks better in each start. Jackie Cohen stopped Frisco Bautists in five rounds.

Archie Bell scored over Young Nationalista in Chicago. Al Brown, elongated colered scrapper, knocked out Billy Shaw in the first round. Johnny Vacca defeated Ruby Bradley and drew with Joey Ross. Benny Schwartz outpointed Tommy Ryan.

Izzy Schwartz proved too fast for Dodo Jackson. Frankie Genaro stopped Lew Goldberg in the third session. Midget Wolgast bested Jose Allano. Steve Rocco and Johnny McCoy were both returned victors over Frenchy Bellanger. Pete Sanstol outpointed Joe Marcienti.

BOXING IN TENNESSEE

JOHNNY Walker, crack middleweight from Fort Oglethorpe outpointed Young Corbett, 160, of Chattanooga, in 8 rounds. The Fans were treated to one of the best fights of the season in the semi-widup when Willie Erne, 138, and Battling Smith of the Post, boxed 8 fast rounds to a draw.

Johnnie Flynn, "The Fighting Irishman," claimant of the Southern Welterweight Championship, has been going great guns lately, and he has a hard time filling so many his Manager, C. H. Stanley, get for him. He hopped over to Jackson, Tenn. and beat Leo Wax, "The Australion Flash," in 10 rounds, and then won a newspaper decision over Billy Aler of Phoenix, Ariz. Alger is the same boy who stopped Ruby Goldstein, drew with Ace Hudkins, beat Clyde Hull and has shown in the Madison Square Garden on several occasions. On June 21 Flynn stopped Sergt. Herman Wolfe in 4 rounds at Jackson, Tenn. On June 25, Flynn beat Whitey oe Milliner in 8 rounds.

Battling Smith, 140, from Fort Oglethorpe and William Erne, 138, boxed 8 rounds in a return bout and Chattanooga fans are still arguing over who won. Referee Tommie Kane gave the decision to the Soldier battler.

Tommie Humphreys is promoting the fights in Chattanooga and is drawing some real good crowds. He has brought such ood fihters here as Young Stribling, Willie Erne, Whitey Joe Milliner, Johnny Urban, and is figuring on bringing Bily Algers, Red Herring and the World Champion oJe Dundee.

Boxers seekin information communicate with Sam Magrill, 318 Pine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

DURING June several International fights were promoted by Jeff Dickson, in Paris. The first was between Giuseppe Spalla of Italy, and the French champion heavyweight, Moise Bouquillon and the French champion met his first knockout. He was kayoed in the eleventh round, with a right hander to the chin. Spalla, who weighed about forty pounds more than the French champion, was in a bad way several times during the bout. There was little to choose between the two right up to the time of the knockout.

The French featherweight, "Tiger" Humery, is fighting in rare form. He appears to be much stronger than last year. He stopped the pride of England, Johnny Cuthbert, in seven rounds, and a few weeks later he defeated the Belgium champion, Scille, in five rounds at the Cirque de Paris.

Paolino, the "Lion," was in Paris recently. He came here to reefree a bout for Jeff Dickson. He was tendered a luncheon by the promoter. Before the guests arrived, he requested the card of names who were to dine with him. He put the blue pencil, through the names of three of the most prominent sporting writers of Paris, and told Dickson they were not worthy to dine with him.

It appears that the "Lion" took offense at some articles that were written about him and published in American papers. The scribes that he objected to were not over anxious to be seen in his company anyway, and they took his objections in good part so as not to embarass Jeff Dickson. The next day however, Paolino, received an awful panning from theh French sporting press.

FRENCH NOTES

When Paolino, arrived in Europe from the States, the representative of Knute Hansen, the Danish champion met him, and issued a challenge to him on behalf of the Dane. Paolino, wanted none of the Dane. He said that while in Europe he would not fight. However, a few weeks later, he made a match with an Italian, a third rater. He made a recent statement that unless he received a good fat offer, he would not return to America.

Promoter Dickson for his last exhibition this season, staged a match between Petit Biquet, the Belgium champion bantamweight, and the French champion, Regis, at the Salle Wagram arena. The bout, which was scheduled for twelve rounds, went the distance and was decided a draw. It was a very poor exhibition from start to finish. The preliminary bouts were tip top, all between featherweights. Renaud, who is a fine boxer defeated Antoine, in the fifth of a six scheduled round bout. Kid Paul defeated Sadol, in six rounds on points, and the old timer Dastillon, who has been fighting for the past ten years deefated a tough youngster named Maugin, in eight rounds, a point decision.

PROMOTER Dickson has had a very successful fall, spring and early summer seasons of boxing. played to about five million francs worth of business during the past ten months. His entertainments have been of the highest class possible. He always gave as advertised, hence his packed houses during the complete ten months.

Boxing is only a side issue with the popular American-French promoter. He is interested in the automobile and other business, and he is an exceedingly busy young man at all times.

Francis Charles, the former middleweight champion of France, has almost gone blind. He was given a benefit in June which must have realized him a considerable amount, judging by the size of the house, the Cirque d'Hiver, which was packed to capacity.

The French Olympic boxing try-outs were held at the Salle Wagram the latter part of June, and some very good material turned up. The heavy-weights were exceedingly good, and Moret, the winner of the competition, who is the amateur champion of France, should stand some beating in the Olympics.

Appel, the champion fly-weight of Eastern France, the winner of the class, showed up very well, as did the bantamweight victor Mignard, who hailed from the middle of France.

In a bout fought in Paris at the Cirque de Paris, the Swiss welterweight champion, Krauchi, stopped the clever French battler, in the ninth of a ten scheduled rounder. Krauchi, is a very good boxer, and he is there with a solid punch in either hand.

Emile Pladner, the best fighter brought to the surface in all of Europe since the days of Georges Carpentier, is quite anxious to make a trip to America, providing fair inducements are offered to him. There is nothing left for him to beat in Europe.

ENGLISH NOTES

THE long-awaited match between Jack Hood, British welter king and Alf Mancini, finally took place and was won on points, fifteen rounds, by Hood who retained his crown. An added interest in this bout was the fact that both boys are under the management of the popular Ted Broadribb. The rivalry has been keen between these stablemates and now that supremacy has been decided, both boys will get down to normal.

Hood has improved 100 percent since his last visit to America a year ago and would give Uncle Sam's best boys a tough tussle. A fight between Hood and Sergeant Sammy Baker or Hood and Joe Dundee for the championship, would go well in the States. It has been some time since a popular British title holder has fought a world's champion on American soil. Why not now

AT the London Ring, during last month there was a dual boxing meeting between England and Wales. Three bouts were contested, the results being two wins for England, the other bout was declared a draw.

Gunner Joe Stephens, a welterweight in the fifteen scheduled round contest won on a foul from Glen Moody, of Wales, in the seventh round. Bert Freeman, of Battersea, stopped Billy Meade of Wales, in eight rounds, and the draw was between Seaman Harrod, of Chatham, and Jimmy O'Connor of Wales.

Some of the English sporting writers took an awful slam at Rosenbloom, after he received the trimming from Milligan. It was claimed that Rosenbloom did not scale within four pounds of the weight called for. Milligan, then said nothing doing, there will be no fight. Promoter Jacobs, however, persuaded the Scot, to go on with the fight for an extra financial consideration, which amount was deducted from Rosenbloom's end.

One of the running up bouts to the Millgan-Rosenbloom bout, was a 12 rounder between "Spider" Pladner, the European flyweight champion and an English lad named Billy James, of Birmingham. Pladner had no trouble deefating James, on points.

Another runner up was twelve rounds between Phil Lolosky, of Aldgate, England, and Rene Challange of France. The Englishman won on points. In a short preliminary bout Andre Gleizes, of France, was defeated by Dod Oldfield of Leeds.

The knockout administered to Maxie Rosenbloom, by Tommy Milligan, was a great surprise to the many American boxing fans that attended the fight. Maxie claimed that it was a low blow which did the trick, but according to an examination made by the club physician after the fight there was nothing to show that Milligan had hit low.

Maxie Rosenbloom, the American middleweight, defeated Roland Todd, in a fifteen round bout held at the Premierland, London. The battle which went the limit was a point decision.

Ernie Rice, is out with a challenge to fight any welter or middleweight in England. Ernie, who claims that he can still make the lightweight poundage says that he has to go out of his class, as all of the lightweights are so obviously afraid of him.

Young Dick Corbett, is going along in fine shape, and he is a dangerous customer for any of the English flyweights. He recently knocked out in fourteen rounds a tough youngster in Johnny Croxton, of Notting Hill.

Kid Pattenden of St. Georges, knocked out Kid Nicholson of Leeds, in the twelfth round, for a new Lonsdale Bantamweight Belt, at the National Sporting Club. At the sixth round distance the fight appeared to be 10 to 1, in favor of Nicholson. It was the latter that deefated Teddy Baldock, and in his fight again Pattenden, up to the middle of the tenth round, he appeared to have the battle well in hand. Pattenden, before the close of the session sent over a hard right to the jaw which sent Nicholson down. He was saved by the bell and dragged to his corner. In the twelfth round he was laid low for the full count.

It was a regular knockout night at the Club. In the supporting bouts, Young Fred Dyer, knocked out Johnny Hutchins, in the first round; Kid Rich, of Bethnal Green, stopped Siki Coulton, of Leicester, in four rounds, and Jimmy Doyle, Hoxton, beat Fred Chandler, of Canning Town, in the sixth of a scheduled ten rounder.

Harry Abrahams, the promoter, is doing good business at his open air boxing entertainments which he is giving weekly at Edmonton.

An English paper has the following supposed interview with Paulino Uzcundun: "In America I beat them all, I will beat them again. I met Heeney twice and beat him three times. My left punch is terrible, and my right is worse. For every fight that I have not won, I have excuses to offer. In my next fight, may the best man win (this is absolutely sincere), and the best man is me."

Willie Hines, the American colored light-weight, who was brought to Europe, by Leon See, is certainly making good with the English fans. He has met with many deefats, but most of them were narrow ones. The English fans like the way Hines, dances, prances and leaps around while in the ring. He is always the live man on the map, where ever he appears.

One of the last fights that Hines, had was against the tough Maryleboner, Tommy Daly. It resulted in a slashing fifteen round contest, which was won by the English lad on points.

Teddy Sandwina, the German heavyweight who is known in America, met Don Shortland, of Sheffield, in a fight at Premierland. It was a rough house affair from the start and ended in the seventh round when Sandwina lost on a foul. Sandwina later knocked out Roland Todd.

Sid Smith, of Peckham, is making good as a bantamweight. He is always full of action. He gave Kid Abrahams, of Doncaster, a good beating in the preliminary to the Shortland-Sandwina fight.

From a financial point of view, boxing is not going along any too good in Sheffield. Fine programs have been offered to the boxing fans, and lately a reduction in prices of admission to the main arena, was made, but that did not resultin better "gates."

Frank McAlorum, of Belfast, Ireland, who is a pretty husky featherweight, is being side-tracked by many of the English fighters at his weight. Frank who is now in England, is fairly craving for a fight.

Most of the English London clubs will close down during July and August. The Ring as usual, will continue to do business during the two dull months.

The English Amateur Boxing Association, which some months ago placed a ban on the Tailteann amateur contests which will be held during August, has lifted same, and the English simon pures will now be able to obtain permission from their controlling body to do ring battle in Ireland.

Teddy Baldock, the English bantam-weight, since he obtained a decision over Archie Bell, last year is under the impression that he is the world's champion. He recently announced that he would be pleased to make a match with Bushey Graham for the title, if the latter would make a side bet of £2,500.

GERMAN NOTES

Ludwig Haymann, the new German heavyweight, is a very clever shifty fellow. He won the title by defeating Franz Diener, who gave up after being thumped for seven rounds around the Dortmund ring. The title was left vacant by former champion Schmelling who ran out on a challenge to defend. Haymann is a worthy battler and will make good in the United States. Here he is booked to fight under the veteran Tom O'Rourke's managements.

Haymann, in the last three months, has developed a fine left hand, and his steady jabbing kept Diener in trouble from the start.

In a preliminary to the Haymann-Diener fight, Heinz Doemgorgen, the middleweight champion of Germany, gave the English "middle" Andy Newton, a bad beating in the first half of a scheduled ten rounder which compelled him to quit.

Herman Herse, the German middleweight who is now in America, with the former heavyweight champion Schmeling, was looked upon a couple of years ago as being the hope of Europe in his class. He however met with defeat at the hands of French boxers. Still he is quite a good boxer, and may make good in America. He is a second Battling Hurley.

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book may be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

CHICAGO FISTIC FACTS
By FRANKIE ("MITT") MASTRO

PROMOTERS in this city are beginning to take notice of home talent and are building up the local boys. We have Tuffy Griffiths, Joey Medill, Jack Berg, Earl Mastero. Eddie Shea, Harry Dublinsky, Otto von Porat and Les Marriner. All are good boxers with large followings.

Tuffy Griffiths is a very promising youngster and handled by handsome Jack O'Keefe. Tuffy showed great improvement while decisively lathering Wolcott Langford at the Sox park. Incidentally it was the scrapper's forty-seventh victory in as many performances.

Tony Sanders, Italian junior welterweight, who scored his tenth straight win when he bowled over George Sidders at White City, is now ready for any 140-pounder in the world, according to Don Curley, his mentor.

Otto von Porat and Tony Stabenau opened the Midway Gardens. The new open air boxing arena, which seats 10,000, is operated by Mique Malloy. The Norweigian stopped Stabenau in the second frame of their ten-rounder.

Red Uhlan, the California middleweight, is getting plenty of work in and around this territory.

George Sidders, Canadian 142-pounder, has developed an abscess in his ear which has affected the fighter's brain and he has been ordered home by his physician. The Canuck will be on the shelf for four months.

Another boxing manager, Scotty Montieth, who handled Johnny Dundee, one-time featherweight and junior lightweight titleholder, also is connected with a boxing club in the capacity of matchmaker. Montieth arranges the bouts for the Olympia arena in Detroit.

George Harmon, Izzy Marks' southern welterweight won a fight from Walter Majeske at Flint, Mich. Two negros from the south side, Roy Williams and Willie Brent, whipped Bob Sage and George Detrich, respectively, on the same card.

B. H. Andrews, son of Tom Andrew, Milwaukee fight promoter and boxing expert, will be the official timer at the Mound Kennel Club, which is situated on the outskirts of the Cream City. Jack Fisher, veteran greyhound racing official who managed Jack Dempsey in his palooka days, has been appointed presiding judge.

Jim Mullen received a letter from Ray Campbell of Cleveland saying Billy Wallace is ready.

Eddie Mead, who managed Joe Lynch when the latter sported the bantamweight crown, is now associated with Joe Lewis, the Cleveland promoter, and acts as matchmaker for the Olympic arena in that city.

Jack McCarthy, west side welterweight, who was fined $1,000 (part of the purse he was to receive for meeting Sergt. Sammy Baker at Detroit) wants another match with the soldier-fighter. He feels he was unjustly punished.

Harry Forbes, local boxer, back from the west coast where he scored two wins in as many engagements, went to the Pacific slope weighing 119 pounds. The former Columbus ringman came back here a full-fledged featherweight.

Eddie Long, manager of Champion Bud Taylor, signed Prince Saunders, amateur featherweight titleholder of the middle west, to a five-year contract.

Fight bugs from around Fulton boulevard and Central Park, where Earl Mastro now resides, were all enthused over their new neighbor's with Mike Sansone, calmly referred to as the Missouri Tornado, at Mills stadium. The Italian lad found a regular "Joe Grimm" in Sansone and the best he could do was receive the call after six rounds of milling.

Mickey McIntire, Detroit mentor of pugilists, writes that he has a middleweight, Johnny Freeman, who will scramble with anyone in the world, and seems to think that because his 160-pounder has met Jack Costell, Red Jadurburg, Sailor Bob and Red Rock, the promoters in this locality will be glad to pair his protege with the topnotchers.

Nick Newman, who has met Joe Sekyra, Ray Neuman, Tony Fuente, Mike Wallace, Bob Martin, Tiny Herman, Pat Lester, Chief Metoquah, K. O. Christner, and a host of others, sends word from Cleveland through his pilot, Jerry Sachs, that he is ready for action again. The 23-year-old heavyweight, who is six fet one inch tall and weighs 190 pounds, was creating a mild sensation in Ohio rings.

Meyer Grace, local Jewish scrapper, who won another tiff when he licked Spider Kelly in a ten-rounder at Kansas City, seems to put up good battles anywhere but in this vicinity. Ray Alvis' welterweight would welcome another shot in this city.

Pete Wistort, South Chicago heavyweight, is campaigning on the west coast under the monicker of Pete West.

Ray Miller, left-hook artist from Roosevelt Road, is finding it hard to return to top form a long layoff.

Buzz Griffiths, Tuffy's brother who boxes as a 155-pounder, is here seeking ring engagements.

Charlie Glaser, south side lightweight, has returned to the pugilistic wars.

Roy Williams, 165-pounder, and Jimmy Mollette, who boxes at the welterweight poundage, are two of the best colored prospects around this part of the country. Both have been outslamming all of their foes.

Mike Mandell of St. Paul, who handled the highly touted California heavyweight, Vijo Doman, a licking will probably make his next fight for Promoter Jim Mullen.

Manager Al Haft bulletins from Columbus, Ohio, that Lou Bloom's record in the last year has won him a place close to the top of America's featherweights and is ready for anyone. The 124-pounder seems to merit his mentor's praise, for he has clashed, and more than held his own, with Eddie O'Dowd, Dominic Petrone, Jackie Dugan, Babe Ruth, Sailor Larson, Phil O'Dowd, Milton Cohen, Phil Zwick and a host of others of more or les renown.

Sandy Garrison, Ernie Owens, Mike Waters and Manager Dutch Myers were visitors here. The former, a welterweight, looked very flashy in his gymnasium workouts.

Armand Emanuel, highly regarded San Francisco heavyweight youngster, may be seen in action in this vicinity soon.

Gene Barnes, a likely lad. who boxes around 120 pounds, is showing to good advantage in his gymnasium drills. Barnes looks like he will develop into a lightweight within another year.

Young Jack Thompson, California colored star, has ironed out his difficulties with Clyde Hudkins. The negro lightweight bought his contract, which had four more years to run, from the latter. S. Thompson, the scrapper's dad, and Leo Winterbowers, an Oakland friend, will handle Jack.

Earl Mastro, 122-pounder of this locality, who resumed his winning ways when he beat Mike Sansome of St. Louis at a recent card here, will probably tackle Ward Sparks, the Terre Haute featherweight. The latter, who whipped Jack Dugan and Pete Firpo some days ago, is under the direction of Eddie Stanton.

Jimmy Watts, a battler of some repute some years previous, is now working at the Hawthorne greyhound racing plant. The former crowdpleaser for the mitt fans is a trainer of canines for a division at the popular west side oval.

"Sunny Jim" Williams, Walk Miller's new dusky 160-pound menace, is out with a defi to Champion Mickey Walker. Williams, who has outboxed Benny Ross, Speedy Sparks, Wolcott Langford, Tiger Payne, Billy Vidabeck, Johnny Squires, Gorilla Jones and numerous others, has offered to mingle with the boss of his class for nothing. How much is nothing?

Paul Panteleo, twice winner of the Central A. A. U. light heavyweight title, who recently turned professional is after his third victory i nthe money ranks.

Another promoter has entered the local fistic field, Jacob L. Art having been granted a license to stage boxing bouts at the Hippodrome, formerly the Rainbo Gardens.

Bud Taylor, bantamweight champion, celebrated the opening of the New Dreamland arena in San Francisco by winning over Santiago Zorilla. The new arena is one of the finest in America and is unique in that the ring is run by electricity and rises from underneath the floor.

Gaspe La Voie, who met Ernie Peters and other flyweights, is out with a challenge to all the 112-pound contenders. Jerry Casey is now managing the ringman.

Jackie Moore is a crowd pleaser in the rings here.

Harry Fierro and Ted Henry, warriors of this locality, have resumed training.

Roy Peters, brother of Ernie, is doing gymnasium chores daily for his local bow. The Indian bantamweight is a good walloper, according to his brother Ernie.

It is rumored along this fistic rialto that Jock Malone is seeking a new manager. Eddie Long, mentor of Champion Bud Taylor, is the present pilot of the veteran middleweight.

Herbie Derex, 126-pound simon-pure from Roosevelt road, is eyeing the professional ranks. Joey Medill is coaching the ambitious lad.

Ted Seymore, New Orleans welterweight, is now camping on this soil.

Edward Lawler, vice president of the Reliance State Bank, was appointed a boxing judge at the weekly meeting of the Illinois State Athletic Commission.

Paul Beeler, public relations counsel for Promoter Jim Mullen, is kept fairly busy by his boss.

Young Dencio, Leo Fornicari's flyweight, is a pretty hard puncher for a little fellow.

Joseph Cumo bulletins from New Castle, Pa., that he would like to get his giant, Emmet Rocco, started in this locality. Rocco, who has trounced Sandy Seifert, Battling Gahee and Ray Fay, besides knocking out Romero Rojas, Sailor Maxted, Joe Burke, George Emerick, Andy Moran, Jack Bayne, Frank Floraine and many others, is a favorite of George Chip, that great middleweight of a decade ago.

Johnny Mason, Kansas City middleweight, surprised the fistic colony here when he outboxed Haakon Hanson. Hanson was highly regarded in this city.

Murray McLean and Mike Ferrozzo, who are paired for the direction of glove wielders, sent word from their headquarters in St. Paul that they have signed a new prospect, Johnny Kern. The Minnesota fight managing team, who use the slogan "Our Fighters Always Fight" on their letterheads, let us know that the newly acquired 170-pounder has faced Clyde Hull, Billy Schauers, Rusty Jones, Billy Gibbs, Jimmy Luger and others.

Promoter Mique Malloy, who wanted to pair Earl Mastro and Harry Dublinsky for a contest at Midway Gardens, could not agree to the terms of Sam Pian and Jack Eile, respective guides of the west side lads.

Joe Chaney, former Baltimore lightweight, made a hit with the mitt fans of Cincinnati when he defeated Midget Guery and will be seen in action there again.

Jim Mullen received a message from Joe Roth, manager of Eddie Mack of Denver, to the effect that his protege is ready for his eastern debut. The featherweight and lightweight boss of the Rocky mountain region. who is billed as one of the leading contenders for the 126-pound crown, has beaten such good ones as King Tut, Frankie Garcia, Ted Blatt, Jack Kane, Joey Clein, Joe 'King" Leopold, Sammy Sandow, Bud Hamilton, Roscoe Hall and Charlie Lupica.

Tommy Gibbons, who traveled fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey when he was titleholder, at Shelby, Mont., and his brother Mike have formed a partnership in the management of boxers.

Vic Merlo, Al Sweeney's featherweight from the north side, is going great guns at the present time. The former amateur leather-chucker is yet to be defeated in five professional tilts. He stowed away Kid Guoyd in the second frame of their scheduled eight-rounder at Kewanee, Ill., last month. Charles (Buster) Brown, who was fouled four times but refused to take the tiff that way, lost the ten-round main event to Tommy O'Loughlan of Springfield, Ill.

Joe Slovim, Jacksonville, Fla., lightweight, is here with a good record of fifty contests in southern rings.

A new scale of prices for tickets to all matches at Mills stadium for the balance of the outdoor season went into effect. The prices are $1.50, $2.50, $3, and $5. Promoter Jim Mullen announced that these prices include the tax.

Eddie Shea, Italian featherweight, is rated as one of the outstanding 126-pounders by the experts that know what it's all about.

Two veterans of the squared circle, Chuck Wiggins and Battling Levinsky, are still active after more than a decade of boxing.

Les Marriner, the former collegian heavyweight, hung up his fourteenth straight knockout in fifteen battles when he deposited Tex McEwan on the back of his neck in the roped square.

Babe Ruth, Louisville 126-pounder, who has been on the sidelines for the last three months because of injuries, is about to return to this city.

Jack Fitzgerald, manager of Jack McCarthy of the west side, is suing the Michigan boxing commission regarding their action in chasing his protege and Sergt. Sammy Baker from the ring in a scramble at Detroit. That state body fined McCarthy $1,000 but did not suspend the local leather-pusher.

Kip Jap, oriental 118-pounder, has retired from the fight game. The sharpshooting Asiatic, who met Pal Moore, Tommy Milton, Earl Mastro and others in this locality, has been going bad in his recent engagements, and Manager Eddie Stanton advised him to quit. The latter is giving all his attention to Johnny Sherrod, a welterweight, and Roger O'Brien, a lightweight.

Al Klein, popular Cleveland Junior lightweight, is camping in this territory.

Harry Roberts, the smiling middleweight pugilist, daubs in art when he is not coloring an opponent's features in the ring.

Warren Brown, Noted sports writer, calls Jim Mullen "the match-making genius."

Those who read THE RING and notice a mistake in this column kindly mail corrections to Frankie ("Mitt") Mastro, c/o SPORTS NEWS SERVICE, 180 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

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IN CALIFORNIA

By THERON FISK

THE Hollywood American Legion fired the first gun in the battle to prevent boxing in our fair State from being tossed into the discard at the Fall election.

For months the opponents of boxing have had the field to themselves and have been very active as unethical in their way of winning a point.

I personally know of one case where a tottering old man was sent forth with a petition, under the impression that it was for, not against boxing and secured two hundred names of men and women in favor of the sport.

Such methods of obtaining signatures are certain to prove a boomerang to those using them. However, the Hollywood Legionnaires accepted the challenge and have issued a phamphlet entitled, 'Facing the Facts about Legalized Boxing' which is being distributed throughout the State.

"Investigation reveals," says the Legion, "that an editor, who was unable to obtain 50 tickets with which to entertain traveling newspaper executives when application was made for them only a few hours before an important contest, is at the bottom of the attack on boxing in California."

"The spleen of an individual," the pamphlet points out, "threatens to deprive hundreds of thousands of sport-loving Californians of entertainment and the disabled veterans of the country's wars of additional barracks and hospital attendants."

Quality or quantity. . . one cannot always be assured of the former, no better how enterprizing a matchmaker may be but our little community can now have the latter, which is something.

Commissioner James Woods, ruled, that 40 rounds of combat may be permitted on a single card, our quota, heretofore, was limited to 30 rounds.

This quantitative ruling, in time, probably will react to the good of the game, at that.

Commissioner Woods also abolished the former hard and fast rule compelling contestants to be introduced by their real rather than ring names, no longer now will we be compelled to listen to Baby Joe Gans being introduced as Gerald Slaughter and George Godfrey as Phebe Smith and so on.

Old San Francisco, once the boxing cradle of the world, blossomed forth again, with an arena the new million dollar Dreamland, which eclipses in grandeur the Olympic in Los Angeles and even outshines New York's Madison Square Garden.

The inaugural card featured Bud Taylor against Santiago Zorilla in one whale of a battle and what a sight to behold. . . all Frisco was out in her old beauty and splendor.

Frisco has come back and now promises again to become the greatest developer of boxing talent in the country. . . once she had Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, Jimmy Britt, Young Corbett, Eddie Hanlon, Frankie Neil, Abe Attell, Young Mitchell, Dal Hawkins, Eddie Campie, Dick Hyland, Spider Kelly, Sam Berger, Al Kaufman, Bob McAllister, Frank McConnell and ever so many more, all crackerjacks too.

When a boxing contest is faultlessly handled, the referee is seldom mentioned, however so many of the referees of our little community have been put on the pan recently for their weird decisions that one sees only a premature grave for our fight game if it continues. The fans have lost all confidence in the referees and how well they demonstrated it at the Olympic when, by a vote of 10 to 1 they went on record in favor of restoring judges.

Prospective San Francisco policemen are Jacob and Joseph Silverstein. Who cares? Well, Jacob happens to be Jack Silver former crack lightweight while Joseph is none other than Joey Silver a promising welter.

The Main Event, that's the name George Hussey hung out over his new cafe in Hollywood. Jack Dempsey and all the gang were there the opening night smacking their lips over a bowl of Mulligan stew.

If Mike Collins' heavyweight hope, Big Boy Peterson ever gets ring followers sufficiently hopped up to start looking into his record they will find one shindy dated Los Angeles wherein lion-hearted Tony Fuente got the decision but there will be no notation that it was during the present era of weird decisions.

Doc Stone and Cap Conklin well known local boxing men have reopened the old Lyceum gymnasium in Los Angeles, new equipment has been installed and every convenience for the fighter has been taken care of.

Will Mushy Callahan come back? Mushy looked sadly off color in his fight with Jimmy Cottrell at Hollywood and was unable to finish him until late in the tenth round. Again at the movie city arena, Callahan appeared completely off when he finished second to Jackie Carr who was dug up out of the preliminaries.

Young Harry Wills is up to his old tricks again, fouled Pete Meyers in the second round at Oakland.

Ace Hudkins can at least console himself by the fact that the decision to Walker was the wettest one against him.

And how about our little Jimmy McLarnin. . . is there a more colorful fighter than he?

George Parnasses who took Benny Kid Carter to New York and had his hopes all blasted sky high when the Kid struck out alone for Paris, arrived back in Los Angeles with one Pete West as promising a heavyweight prospect as we have seen for some time. West stands over 6 feet and tips the beam around 190.

Joe Glaser, manager of Eddie Shea and other good boys, while in Los Angeles, purchased the contract of Mack House black heavyweight sensation from Watson Burns for a reported price of 5 grand.

Charley Belenger, lightheavyweight champion of Canada, got off to a flying start in California by stopping Frankie Campbell at Frisco. The Canadian made such a hit with Frisco fans that he was given a shot at old Tony Marullo at the new Dreamland. At Los Angeles, however, Belenger found a different reception. He beat Vigo Doman from here to Winnepeg and back but made no impression, possible the weight advantage in Doman's favor had something to do with Charley's over cautious tactics.

Frank Klick popular little Frisco featherweight is going good again. Frankie won a close one from Ignacio Fernandez and topped that off with a six round K O over Bobby Herman, Windy Winsor's hope.

Wildcat Carter, colored featherweight sensation from the great Northwest is headed our way. The Wildcat is a riot in Seattle, having boxed 11 main events there in the past year, forcing the promoters to hang out the old S R O sign on each occasion. Biddy Bishop a boxing man known from one end of the country to the other is watching over Carter.

Enter Bob Cowan, who used to fight for uncle Tom McCarey twenty years ago under the name of Bob Sweeney, as matchmaker of fights for Wrigley field, Los Angeles.

Cowan is one of the big cleaner and dyers of Los Angeles and a hundred per cent sportsman. He has always kept in close touch with game and knows all the big fight managers and newspapermen in the country.

Bob proposed to operate on a once a month basis, staging gigantics only.

A universal ailment . . . this lethargic interest of the boxing fan.

Our own Jack Doyle is having pretty tough going . . . Tex Rickard and others in the racket are all up against the same proposition.

It takes a mighty attractive card to coax 12 grand into the box office of the Olympic now. A year ago that was cnsidered a poor house.

I was discussing fights and fighters with the old man down at the corner cigar store, our conversation drifted along until we were talking about the slim crowds turning out at the fights. "What is the reason for the falling off of the attendance," I inquired, "it seems to be universal?" "Well" he said, "It's hard time we're havin' and it's my guess that old John J Fan is having one hellofva time finding steady wokr and without work what is he going to use to buy pasteboards for the fights with."

I believe the old man is right, it hardly seems possible that the fight fans are staying home just to twiddle their thumbs and listen to Amie over the radio.

Phil Floto, Windy Winsor's mystery heavyweight was unveiled at Hollywood and not a few brickbats were tossed in the general direction of the Legion management for introducing Floto in the main event.

As a main event attraction the Floto Lee shindy aroused the fans sufficiently to bring out a capacity house, whiih was quite a compliment to Winsor's ballyhoo efforts but the fight was quite a compliment to Winsor's ballyhoo efforts but the fight itself was far from being the most thrilling recorded locally.

Floto won over his lighter opponent via the K O in round thre but looked terribly green as a main eventer to the fans, on the other hand looking at Floto as just a beginner, which he is, one must say that he looked mightly good.

The Legion boys capitalized on the wads of publicity which Windy was able to grab for Floto and Floto got the big dough which he deserved for he was the drawing card through curiosity only.

Larney Lichtenstein, writes friends from the East where he has Baby Joe Gans campaigning that the pickings are very good for his colored star. In a former letter Larney criticized Pop Foster for Jimmy McLarnin's losing fight with Mandell but failed to explain his own fighter's defeat on the same card.

Like all good college boys who go to work during summer vacation, Fidel LaBarba, retired world's flyweight champion, quietly announced his return to the ring after completing his freshman year at Stanford. LaBarba is a little heavy but in perfect condition. He has been assisting in coaching the Stamford boxing team and doing light training himself. The former champion will no longer attempt to make 112 pounds. As we go to press a match between LaBarba and Bud Taylor is in the making.

Jack Zivic is now eligible to testify to just how tough they grow 'em in California. The Pittsburgher with nothing but gameness to his credit was on the receiving end of a through shellacking at the hands of Young Corbett III at Frisco and was stopped in the seventh round at Los Angeles by Jackie Fields.

The "buzzers" are about with tales that there is rift between Jimmy McLarnin and Pop Foster likewise Mushy Callahan and his manager Eddie Sears.

I dislike such ugly rumors and seldom listen or repeat them. Jimmy and Pop belong together as does Mushy and Sears.

I am not romantic enough to ask Jimmy and Mushy to look up the word "gratitude" in the dictionary but I don't hesitate to recall to their memory one old ring axiom that they can bet on, "boxers who blow the manager who made them, live to repent nine times out of ten."

Southpaws. . . .the bane of the orthodox boxers are flourishing in our little community at an alarming rate. Possibly we will have to ship them off to Philadelphia.

Jackie Fields is signed to meet Nick Testo at Madison Square Garden in August. Jackie doesn't do any to well from home and in meeting Testo, the boy who gave Sammy Baker a shellacking, he is taking a big gamble.

Our Jimmy McLarnin is signed with Stanislaus Loayza for Detroit in August. Eddie Borden rates Loayza number 2 on the fistic market for June and McLarnin sixth. Eddie can have my vacation money if Jimmy doesn't replace Loayza for second place.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

OLD "Kid Rain" has won a notable number of victories over the boxing promoters in this section during the past six weeks. Everytime an outdoor show was scheduled it seems a small deluge put in its appearance with a result that the show had to be postponed. But right now it looks like it ain't goin' to rain no more so the matchmakers are getting worthwhile bouts together for the good fans in this section.

Jimmy Maloney returned to the fistic wars here the past month against Jack De Mave the golden boy from New York. Maloney won after being floored seven times in as gruelling a bout as New England fans have seen in years. Nobody in this section will ever question Jimmies gameness after that bout. About twenty-thousand fans attended the contest that was staged under the auspices of the Argonne A. A. with Eddie Mack at the helm.

Al Mello, met and defeated his fellow townie, Billy Murphy here the past month in a rugged melee that attracted fifteen thousand fans from all over New England. Both boys hail from Lowell and as is usually the case are bitter rivals. They furnished a clean hard fought bout that could stand repition before any man's boxing club.

Sammy Fuller that tough little battler from Boston's Little Italy, is in hard training for matches, his manager Rip Valenti has signed for him. In the first one Fuller meets Dick Honeyboy Finnegan, and what a slugfest that should be.

Owenie Flynn a very good looking heavy prospect and little Freddy O'Conner a whirlwind featherweight are cleaning up the opposition in this section very handily both boys are managed very capably by Billy Griffin and Marty Fitzpatrick who conduct an uptodate gym in So. Boston.

Freddie Wiederhold that energetic manager of boxers is kept very busy jumping around New England with one or more of his numerous boxers in tow. No man in this section is more versed on fistic conditions than this same Freddie who has been campaigning for quite a spell now and is still going strong.

Jackie Donohue that great little New York Feather now making his home in South Boston defeated Murray Layton of New York here recently in a fast scrap. Jackie is very popular with the fans in this section who are all with him to a man.

Charley Donovan of Dorchester is a welterweight who is just about ready to meet Al Mello or any of the other good boys in his class. Charley is another local boy with a legion of friends.

Wop Manoleum, Tommy Kirby, Tommy Hamby, Steve McGraw, Jimmy Mendez, Jack Gagnon, Eleazer Rioux are some big boys in this section who are ready and willing to meet any opposition anywhere anytime.

TOM GOODWIN

He was one of the whitest men in the world.
A fellow who could make friends without half trying.
Who was always helping others.
Did more for boxing in this section than anybody else.
He was New England's greatest boxing promoter.
Now that he is dead,
May he rest in Peace.

"SOUTHERN OHIO JABS"

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FREDDIE MILLER, clever little Cincinnati feather, won the title of Greater Cincinnati by decisively beating Jimmy Harriss.

On June 25 at Dayton, Ohio, Eddie Anderson, Wyoming cowboy and Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill., fought a slashing 12 round draw.

Harry McCarthy, Cinci bantam contender, continues to win. During the past month, Harry added Willie Yap of Indianapolis to his list.

Jimmy Gordon, Middletown bantam who at present is staging a successful comeback, drew with Carlie Baker in his latest bout.
Gordon, one of Ohio's veterans of the ring is now under the management of W. Jackson.

Dayton, Ky.—Tacoma Bowl opened its season with a bang-up show. Midget Guery, Newport, Ky., beat Augie Pisona rugged Brooklyn lightweight in 10 rounds.

In the semi-windup Young Hopwood won over Charley Shine in 6 rounds.

Johnny Brown won over Kid Woods in a fast bout. Brown is a diamond in the rouh. His brother-manager Jimmy, thinks so.

Jerry Sachs, Cleveland manager wants to show his stable around this vicinity. Sachs has several good boys among his stable which includes Al Corbett 126; Nick Newman, heavy; Mike Wallace, light heavy; Tony Burns, Johnny Klesch, Otto Pletz and Jackie Britton.

Joe Chaney Chicago lightweight won the decision over Midget Guery in a hard fought ten round bout at Tacoma Bowl on June 20.

Johnny Datto speedy Cleveland Filipino shaded Jimmy Hackley, Indianapolis junior lightweight at Redland Field's initial outdoor program. Billy O'Brien is staging weekly shows at Redland and has several topnotchers lined up for future bouts.

Stanley Williams knocked out Lon Lovelace in one of the preliminaries to the Datto-Hackley fiasco. Harry Kriendler beat Eddie Conrad in another.
Southern Ohio boxing notes to be published through this column should be sent to the writer not later than the 22nd of each month. The following boxing club take notice, Wilmington, Portsmouth, Greenfield, Chillicothe, Dayton, Hamilton, Zanesville, Newark, Columbus, Springfield, Marietta and any other town where fights are held.
Any information concerning the game in this vicinity will be supplied by the writer by addressing 1201 Woodside Ave., Middletown, Ohio.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

MIKE and Tommy Gibbons are back in the boxing game. Mike has Tom Haley, light-heavyweight and Jim Gibbons, heavyweight, both youngsters, under his wing while Tommy has a piece of Vijo Doman of California.

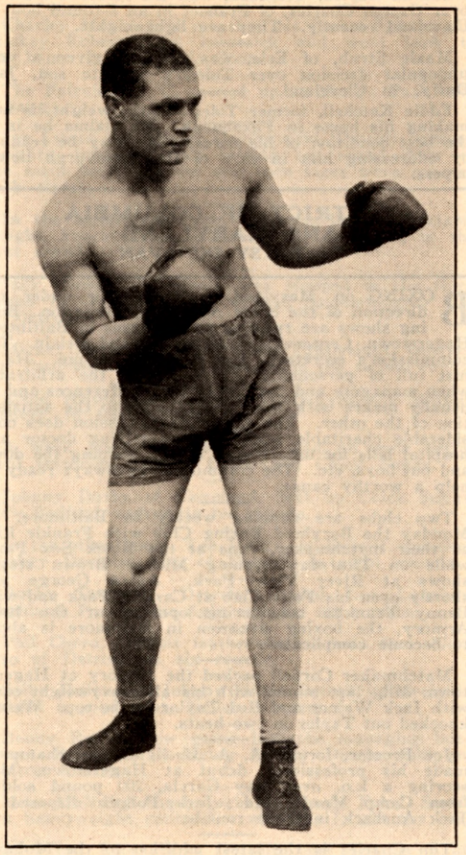
Morrie Green, St. Paul welterweight, has invaded Chicago. Green is a willing fighter and should go over big.

Danny Schulte has his two fighters, Red Fry, lightweight, and Earl Blue, heavyweight, ready to tackle any of them in their respective classes.

At Jerk Doran's last St. Paul show, Mickey Walker beat Jock Malone. Malone started well and finished well but Walker carried too many guns for him and won as he pleased. Morrie Green won by a shade over Jimmie Gill of La Crosse, and Jim Gibbons shaded Tommy Havel, Tom Haley stopped Bud Soltis, Billy McCabe beat Jack Nitti and Young Beasy and Johnny Reier drew.

Johnny Salvatore had his two aces down to Chicago and both of them lost. Billy Light lost to Young Jack Thompson and My Sullivan lost to Floyd Hybert.

Among the twin cities boys who went to Chicago to take in the Hudkins-Walker fight were Ed. Shave, Jerk Doran, Ray Meehan, Jock Malone, Danny Schulte and George Barton. They all reported back that Walker was entitled to the decision.
They grow them tough in St. Paul. The city that has turned out Mike and Tommy Gibbons, Billy Miske, Mike O'Dowd, Billy Wheland, Kewpie Ertle, Jimmy Delaney, Al Van Ryan and Jock Malone and more recently Billy Light and My Sullivan, now has another bright light to carry on the good work in Mike Mandell, a lightheavyweight. Mandell's work this year has been sensational. He won nine fights, four of them by knockouts. His latest triumph was a victory over Vijo Doman of Los Angeles at Minneapolis. Doman came here with an impressive record of victories over Tony Fuentes and other well known coast battlers and claiming sixteen knockouts. Mandell spotted Doman thirteen pounds.



Bill Squires, Australian heavyweight, now in U. S.

In the other bouts, Joe Gordon beat Mike Sauro, Johnny Kern drew with Tom Haley, Jimmy Gibbons stopped George Kurrel in one round, and Roy Michaelson and Irish Kennedy fought a draw.

ST. LOUIS AND SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

By L. J. (Judge) LEGGETT

AT present the boxing game in this vicinity is somewhat slow, promoters being unwilling to gamble with weather on outdoor shows. There has been a few, but the promoters have all ended up in the red, so there will be no more shows of importance until the winter season sets in, some time in September, at which time the Fred Stockham Post of the American Legion will open their inaugural show in the New Coliseum, with Jack Tippett as matchmaker.

There are a few of the smaller clubs in Southern Illinois putting on a show a month, such as the West Frankfort, Ill., A. C. and Pete Marlowe at Herrin, Ill.

This scribe will try to give a line-up on all the promoters in this vicinity as soon as the winter season gets under way. Any communications to the above scribe should be addressed to 4353 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK

By HOWARD C. HOSMER

THE battle of the Joes was won by Joe Zink formerly of Binghampton, now of Syracuse, in six rounds in the Syracuse arena on June 28. The other Joe is Joe Gainos, Syracuse middleweight.
Kid Savage, Seneca Falls welter, pounded by Joe Stone, Auburn's southpaw enigma, quite handily in six rounds but the verdict went to Stone. Such is the life of a battler.

Dorey Shimar of Syracuse knocked out Tony Vincent of Rochester in two rounds.

Joe Marsh of Auburn injured his hand in the second round of his encounter with Honeyboy Shimar of Williamsport and was sent to the showers in the beginning of the third.
Al Raskow defeated Joey Manuel in six fast rounds in the same show.

Auburn has an entry in the Olympics, Steve Haliko, flashy 135-pound National amateur champion, who with Hymie Miller of Los Angeles, flyweight and Tommy Sown, New York 141 pounds, are favored to win Olympic titles.

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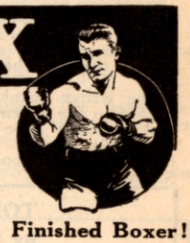

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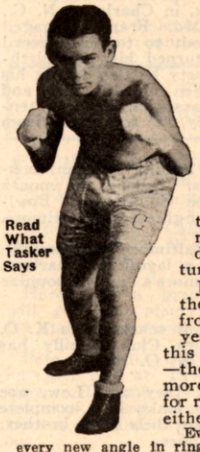

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AROUND NORTHEASTERN OHIO
By FRED K. SCHULER

ONE of this district's big favorites, Micky Fedor, Canton, who is spreading his boxing reputation through other sections of the country, after visiting Florida and cleaning up big there. He stopped over at Eldorado, Kan., and heat Battling Steele, from Smackover, Ark.

Frankie Wine, light heavyweight, who has been in Johannesburg, South Africa, has returned to Akron. Wine, a Montana boy orginally, won the championship of South Africa by licking Johnny Squires in Johannesburg. He beat Squires twice. This same squires held Tom Heeney to a draw, stopped Spalla, the Italian champ, and beat George Cook twice.

Battling Levinsky, Philadelphia vet, slammed Emmett Rocco, Ellwood City heavy, around for 10 rounds at Akron. On the same card Jimmy Darrah, Akron, outpointed Charlie Sherer, Sandusky; Eddie Ruttman, Akron, kayoed Jimmy Hurtz, East Liverpool (1), and Clarence Dyer, Akron, and Gus Christy, Youngstown, drew.

Akron has a real sensation in Benny Burns, lightweight, another of Joe Basco's boys, down in South Africa. Burns is the big demand in Johannesburg. He kayoed Ralph Munshall, the champion of Africa, and putting away Carlos Fabaluso, of Italy. He will soon return to the U. S.

Joe Simonich, the Butte assassin, now located around Akron, is out with a pair of cractured ribs.

K. O. Kelly, colored Akron welter, has been booked for six fights in San Juan, Porto Rico. He left July 1.

With Johnny Risko's climb back into the limelight, Ohio is once more enthusiastically interested in the heavyweight situation.

Danny says, "Johnny will be ready to fight the winner, and don't think that he can't lick him."

Sammy Tucker, Newark, N. J., Leo Genet, Barberton, and several other boys fighting out of Akron, are down in South Africa winning favor by winning bouts from the best Africa has to offer.

Sailor Larson, Moline, Ill., featherweight, hit some tough luck while going to Steubenville for his fight with Eddie O'Dowd, his machine turning over. He sustained a fractured collar bone.

Jack Rose, Akron heavy, easily defeated Mule Ellers, at Akron.

Young Irish, Akron, is out for two weeks due to a broken jaw donated him by Kid Lencho, at Cincinnati.

The writer would like to hear from Delmar "Biff" Morton. Pleasant Hill, or his manager, Herman Le Mar, Kingman.

Youngstown has a neat battler in one Teddy Fitzgerald. who has licked Young Rudy, a member of Red Mason's famous staff of battlers from Pittsburgh. Fitzgerald licked Joe Trippe .

Steubenville, with its battlers from the other section of the state is outdoing the other sections with some high class battles every month. The game is going big all through the state.

The writer thanks those who have written me in regard to the absence of my column, for their interest, and certainly hope to appear more rgularly starting with this month. Any info which you may want, friend reader, drop me a line at 100 Penn Avenue, Salem.

TOLEDO TOPICS
By OSCAR C. RUHL

TOLEDO is experiencing a summer fight slump and if things do not perk up in the near future, several promoters are expected to throw up the burden. Many here blame the boxing commission.

Last winter when the new board was installed, it issued fight permits to three promoters. Toledo has never had more than a single major show a week, and it never has shown itself a strong enough fight center to support two shows a week.

No matchmaker in the world can make a success of his efforts if he is allowed only one date during the course of a month. Especially in a Western city like Toledo, where boxing is still in its infancy. Public sentiment may cause the commission to make a decision in the near future. What to do in this case will cause the board to confer to extremes. This matter can not be taken likhtly. At least one permit must be revoked by the board to insure better and more local fights. That is about the only remedy available at this time.

Ed McDanial, the Shea brothers and Lee Corns are the local promoters. McDanial has a fine record.

Add Thatcher ,prominent as a fight manager and promoter of amateur shows, is making plans to be issued a permit by the figh board to stage bouts in an open arena this summer.

The only bout staged last month brought together Louis Carpentero, Toledo flyweight claimant, and Young Denico, of Chicago. The Toledo boy was the winner. Ed. McDanial staged this bout.

Charlie Lupica, Toledoan, won the referee's decision over Gaston Charles, of France(in an 8-round bout in Cleveland recently. They are lightweights.

Maxie Strub, of Erie, was recently given a very unpopular decision over Toledo's favorite son, Jack Duffy, in Cleveland.

Eddie Ketchell, former Toledo featherweight, is now making his home in Pittsburgh. He claims he is in the best condition of his career. He may be reached by addressing him in care of the Pittsburgh newspapers.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND MARYLAND
By PATSY DONOVAN

BOXING in Maryland is flourishing under the direction of the State Athletic Commission. Boxing shows are running with success in Baltimore, Hagerstown, Centerville, Cumberland and Belair. The commission's secretary, Joe Kelley, is a pip. He is just full of personality, he is always the arbitrator when managers and their pugs have differences and he usually makes both sides compromise to the satisfaction of the other. The Athletic Commission does considerable charitable work such as paying doctor and hospital bills for unfortunate boxers, helping the down and out boys, etc. The commission is always ready to help a worthy cause.

Two clubs are running weekly in Baltimore, on Monday the Baryland Boxing Club with Frankie Rice as their matchmaker, runs at the Black Sox Park, while on Thursday evening Mickey Brown stages shows at River View Park. Aaron George will shortly open his Folly Club at Carlin's Park and with Benny Franklin considering opening at the 104th Armory, the boxing situation in Baltimore is about to become complicated.

Matchmaker Cornell packed the Armory at Hagerstown, Md., last month with his all heavyweight card, with Jack Weiner and Red Taylor in the top. Weiner knocked out Taylor in two heats.

Joe Proctor, former A. A. U. lightheavy champion, made his professional debut at Hagerstown, Md., scoring a k.o. over Ray Garcia, 200 pound soldier from Camp Meade, Md. Jack Pollock disposed of Jack Ansback in three rounds.

Tim Charles is the latest addition to the Mohawk Stable of Washington, D. C. Charles comes to Washington from Louisville, Ky., where he made a reputable showing. Since arriving here one month ago. Tim has won decisions over Charlie Mangum, Jack Pollock, and K. O. Mathews. He also knocked out Young Warren, North Carolina State amateur champion.

Freddie Barth, former Baltimore fighter, is running a gym for professional fighters in Baltimore. He has corralled quite a stable of his own. His outstanding boys are Joe Belmont, Andy Kelley and Lew Heywood. Barth is also the assistant matchmaker at the River View Club. Barth was known as Freddie Kleine when a fighter.

Buck Fleming, Philadelphia juniod lightweight, will get an opportunity to show in Baltimore during the next month. He will oppose Jackie Portney, southpaw fighter of that city.

John S. Blick, Washington millionaire and manager of Marty Gallagher, has turned his protege over to Jack Britton, former welter champ, for schooling.

Frankie DeAngelo, of the Mohawk stable, in Washington, continues to win his fights. During the month he won over Benny Mack, in Charlotte, N. C., and Kid Bobbitts, in Baltimore, Md. Frankie engaged in 32 battles last wear and is out to top his record this season. Frankie has just turned his 19th birthday and has engaged in over ninety battles during his ring career. He has never been off his feet and has lost one decision in two years that being a ten-round decision to Jack Portney, a southpaw from Baltimore, Md.

Eddie Bowling, Washington's leading bantam, continues to win in Baltimore rings. During the month he won over Al Martin and Lou Gugglimini. Bowling is one of the most popular fighters in Baltimore.

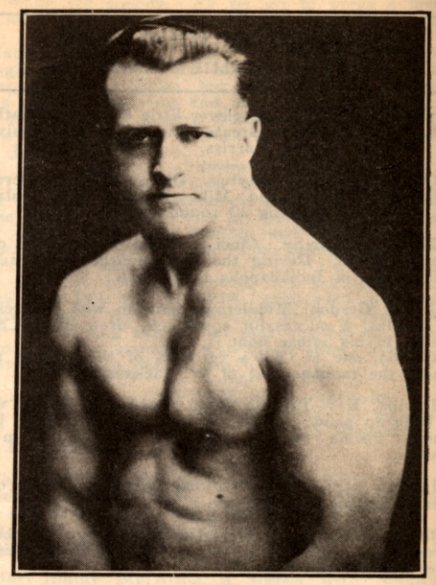
Buster Brown, promising Baltimore lightweight, will resume his ring work after a layoff for nearly a year. Buster is one of Baltimore's most popular fighters.

Washington has a new knockout sensation in K. O. Reilly, developed at the Mohawk Club. Reilly has won his last five starts by the K. O. route.

The Raymond brothers, Phil, Joey and Lew, are very popular in Baltimore. To make it a complete family affair, they are managed by their older brother, formerly connected with Joe Dundee.

Other brothers fighting around Maryland are the Cosden brothers from Cordova. Md., and the Crafton brothers from Camp Meade, Md.

Amateur boxing is being staged in Washington off and on. Usually there will be one ringer pop up in each affair. Recently in Washington, Young Warren, from the North Carolina State College, was a victim of a knockout here at the hands of a professional, while a certain college boxer from Washinton and Lee was the victim of a terrible lacing administered by a professional from a nearby city. In this instance the professional was merciful and carried the amateur for the distance.



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DETROIT AND VICINITY
BY M. McINTIRE

NICK MELSKY, Detroit junior welterweight, won a one-sided victor yover Frankie Clare, also of Detroit, in the main bout at the Fairview A. C. on June 4.

Jack Brown, One of Detroit's best middleweights, shaded Jack Toal, also of Detroit, in the best fight of the night. Toal scored three knockdowns and Brown two.

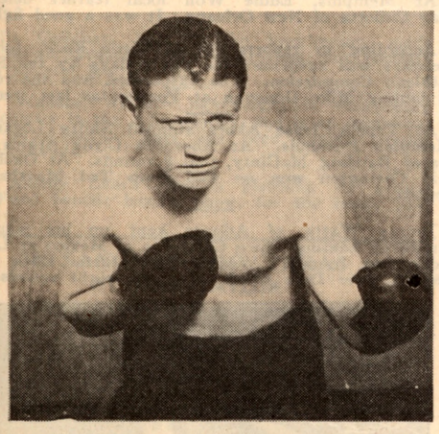
Billy Stob, Charley Moore's star welterweight, is now the champion of Michigan by virtue of a win over Mel Tipton, of Flint.

Charlie Moore has quite a stable of boxers and all good ones. Tom Sayers, Gordon Smith, Billy Stob, Don Burchard, Alex Woods, Lee Hardy, Mickey Roberts, Eddie Koppy, Ward Sparks, and Carlo Mazzola are his boys. Some stable!

Bob Sage finally has been stopped. The fighting lawyer was knocked out in three rounds by Roy Williams, Chicago negroe.

The writer would like to hear from any young fighters without managers. We have a manager here for you. Send record, picture, measurements, and age and I can probably get you a manager. Address 1336 Spruce St., Detroit, Michigan.

Johnny Freeman, Salamanca, New York, star middleweight, is planning on coming to Detroit sometime in August. Johnny has founght some of the best boys in the game. Johnny tells me he is trying



Ace Hudkins, who almost relieved Mickey Walker of middleweight title

to get a return bout with Red Jaderburg. In their previous fight Jaderburg won the decision, but Johnny was not satisfied with the verdict.

Tiger Kelly writes me from Montreal, that he has just returned from Berlin, N. H., where he won a couple of bouts. The Tiger is planning a campaign around the Middle-west, starting July 9. Kelly makes 140, but is willing to fight boys 147.

"Chip" Freeman tells me this—Dick Evans and Al Zill take notice. Chip is challenging Dick to a bout anywhere or anytime.

Ward Sparks will fight in New York in a couple of weeks. Ward is one of Terre Haute's own and is now living in Detroit.

Byron Foutts, Midland, Pa., fight manager, is thinking of bringing his featherweight, Frankie Porto, to Detroit, this fall.

At the Olympia, June 7, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Mitchell Field welterweight, and Jack McCarthy, Chicago, fought for five rounds and then the bout was declared "No Contest".

In the other bouts, Billy Petrolle of Fargo, N. D., knocked out Armando Sheckles, of Tampa in the third round.

Arturo Sheckles, Tampa welterweight, won on a foul from Meyer Grace, of Chicago, in the eighth round.

Jack (Kid) Berg, Lightweight of England spanked Johnny Mellow, of Detroit, in the opener of ten rounds.

Readers may think this column should be entitled "Charley Moore", but it can't be helped. Charley has a big stable of good fighters and naturally he has the most news.

Jack Kilrane is here under the able management of Jack Courtney, Detroit Leland Hotel, Detroit Michigan.

Darky Griffen, is now working at the Grand River A. C. Darky was one of the best in the game when in his prime, but he passed his peak.

Charley Moore tells me that his junior lightweight, Mickey Roberts, got homesick and went back to his home in Hartford, Conn.

The Fairview A. C. opened up at Mack's Park with a bang.

Joe Lucas and Soldier Dombrowski, Detroit featherweights, fought a hair raising ten round draw in the main bout. At the end both faces were covered with claret.

In the semi-final, Carlo Mazzola, Detroit bantamweight, knocked out Sylvino Borg, of Malta, in the first round.

Jack Brown, of Detroit, was stopped in the third round by Phil Madison, colored middleweight, also of Detroit.

Mickey Darmon, Detroit junior lightweight, knocked out Paul Dexter, also of Detroit, in the second round.

Ernie Waters, of Dearborn, pasted Speedy Wilson, Denver, in four rounds.

A week later the same club had an even better card featuring Johnny Datto and Chick Suggs.

Johnny Datto, of Cleveland, beat up Chick Suggs, New Bedford, negroe, in ten rounds.

In the other bouts, Lee Hardy, of Detroit, smacked Mickey Darmon, also of Detroit, in eight rounds.

Bobby Dempsey, Detroit, shaded Leo Lanahan, Highland Park. The fight was for six rounds.

Phil Curro, Detroit featherweight, beat Red Allen, also of Detroit, in six rounds.

Spike Neilan and Johnny Milke, Detroit lightweights, fought a good bout, Neilan winning.

Benny Ray is now going into the managing business. Benny is managing Soldier Dombrowski and Gaston Charles.

Mike McNulty has brought up Harry Foley, Southern heavyweight contender, who has fought the best.

At Flint, Pete Firpo, Detroit, beat Tommy Ryan, Mckeesport, Pa., in ten.

Ted Marenda, Grand Rapids, beat Harold Knopp, Toledo, in eight.

Roger Bernard, Flint, outpointed Al Kline, Chicago, in six.

Benny McArthur, Saginaw, stopped Frank Clare, Detroit, in six.

Morrie Sherman, Detroit, and Mel Tipton, Flint, drew in six.

Billy Petrolle, Fargo, beat Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle, in ten rounds.

Ralph Smith stopped Jim S. Clare in the first.

Eddie Phiester, New York, stopped Jack Scarton, Detroit, in five.

Eddie Speaks, Chicago, decisioned Don Burchard, Detroit, in six.

oe Ryder Detroit, beat ohnny Hoffinger, Grand Rapids in six.

S. Zaubit, Poland, outpointed Gordon Smith, Detroit, in four rounds.

FROM OHIO
BY PARSON TOM McGINTY

LUIS CARPENTERO, Ad Thacher's little Filipino, has run out of opponents around the Middle West—nobody cares to box him.

Billy Herold, California featherweight who came east with Billy Walace, is getting plenty of work here.

Herold is a great club fighter, and his style will get him plenty of work around Ohio rings—He starts and never stops punching.

Pete Pontali, DeTirro's Italian heavyweight was knocked out at Taylor Bowl in Charley Marotta's show. He had Young Panke on the floor for the count of 9, and went in to finish him, when Panke landed a round house swing putting Pete down and out.

Pontali is a sweet looking prospect and will be a great fighter when he acquires a little more experience.

Micky Dugan, Cleveland's little featherweight is idle. None of the boys care to mingle with him.

Rosey Rosales, who knocked out Wilson "Hurry Up" Yarbo, colored boxer of Cleveland in 8 rounds in Wilmington, Cal., is here and has been signed up for three fights by his hustling manager Nick Sollitto.

The Newcastle Boxing Association promoting at the local baseball park, is lining up shows. Boxers can reach the promoters through Eddie Fritz, Sporting Editor the News, also Bill Jolly who has built a big Bowl in the Steel city.

Emmett Roco, Newcastle heavyweight, was defeated by old man Battling Levinsky at Suey Welch's last show at Akron.

Eddie Sears, and his stable will come east from California. Also, Bert Colima and his manager, Mr. Myers.

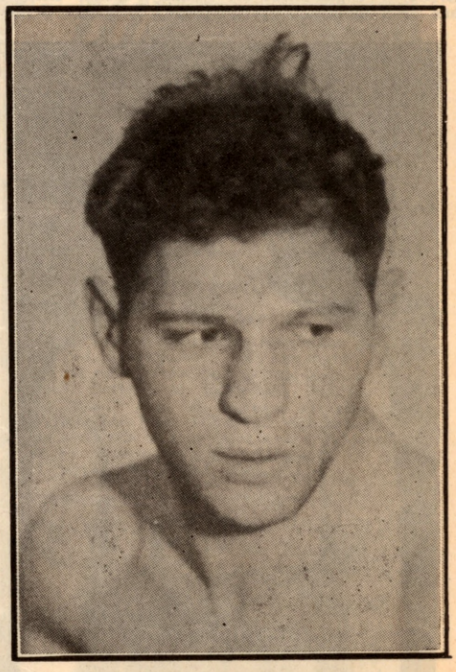
Frank Clark, has sent for Charley Feraci, the tall boy from San Diego.

Johnny Farr is also on his way to his old home Cleveland. He has been signed up for several shots around the Middle West.

Billy McCarney had a pleasant evening on his last trip, but he never again wants to hear that song—"It ain't going to rain no more."

Walter Taylor will throw open his big bowl Tuesday evening June 19th with an all star card of three tens and two fives.

Gorilla Jones, Suey Welch's clever negro boxer knocked out Ted Brown of New York and Boston in 2 heats. This pair met two months ago at the Public auditorium and Brown won the duke.



Sammy Curtis, a hard hitting Chicago welterweight, who recently turned pro

None of the clubs are drawing. The boys are holding onto their dough. The warm weather we are now getting should thaw them out.

Al Ziemer, Cleveland bantamweight, has gone in the movies.

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

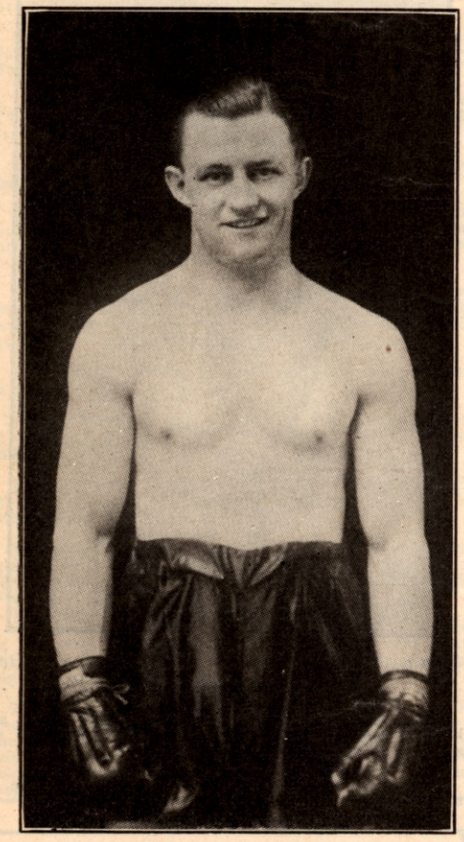
HARRY BLITMAN'S featherweight stock took an upward trend when he easily beat Champion Tony Canzoneri in ten rounds at the Phillies Ball Park. No title was at stake, but the former Philadelphia amateur star made Tony look like a chopping block at the finish. Man (Boo Boo) lost no time talking a championship match with the New Yorker's manager.

It is wonderful the way Al Lippe keeps the veteran Battling Levinsky hopping around the country engaging in bouts. Half of the Battler's time is spent on trains and occasionally he goes by airplane from one city to another to keep an engagement. Bat is still giving boxing lessons to most of his oppenents.

Following Jack Gross' battle with Roberti Roberto at the Phils Ball yard, Max Hoff has several other heavyweight bouts in view for his South Jersey bread-mixer. Gross is a former baker. Now the dough is coming in another way.

Johnny Gill, who used to sling his fists in York, Pa., and other upstate rings, is doing nicely with his fighter, Tommy Liberto. Tommy recently fought Benny Bass and Blitman and put up tough battles each time.

Ever since George Godfrey was set back in his Brooklyn engagement by Johnny Risko, Leiperville has been hanging out the crepe. Down in Godfrey's



Tommy Grogan, the "Western Whirlwind" of Omaha, who is reputed to be the greatest of present day lightweight sockers. Bill Duffy and Pete Stone are handling him

"hangout" bury they didn't think it was possible for him to be beaten. Jimmy Dougherty, his non-talkable manager, now is thinking about taking Godfrey abroad.

Those two rugged Philadelphia welterweights, Pat Haley of Kensington and Mickey Martell of South Philadelphia, never fail to thrill the fans when they collide. In their latest meeting at the Phillies Ball Park Haley gained the ten-round decision, but my how the leather did fly.

Tommy White, who looks after Johnny Jadick, the Kensington junior lightweight, turned down an attractive offer to meet Mike Dundee in Toledo. Jadick has his eye on a bout with Tod Morgan in New York, with the title probably at stake.

Fresh from his victory over Pete Nebo, Rosey Stoy, the Lancaster featherweight, clashed with Eddie Shea, Chicago star, recently at the Phils Park and was beaten in ten rounds. Shea dropped Stoy several times. Stoy is a hard lad to beat in his home ring, but seems to have trouble when he strays out of Lancaster county.

Eddie Dempsey, the sturdy South Philadelphia welterweight, ran into trouble when he hooked up with Frankie Palm of Cincinnati in a Dayton, Ky., ring. Dempsey is a tough egg.

Former featherweight champion Benny Bass received quite a setback when he lost his recent ten-round bout to Pete Nebo, the New York Seminole Indian, at Shibe Park. Manager Phil Glassman believes Bass can fight his way back to the top again and will keep him busy this summer.

Lew Tendler insists he is through, even though he finished his old-time rival, Nate Goldman, in his last fight. That was supposed to be the "Swan Song" for Tendler and he says he meant it that way. Lew went out with a sock in his trusty left hand and the fans gave him a big ovation.

Open-air boxing is running on all cylinders in Philadelphia, with at least four or five places in operation. Taylor and Gunnis hold forth at Shibe Park; Jules Aronson is promoting at the Phils Ball Park; Al Nash has the Elks Ball Park in West Philadelphia; an open-air plant has been rigged up next to the West Philadelphia Arena, seating 12,000; Johnny Burns has his Kensington ring pitched under the blue skies, and the West Manayunk Club is also running.

Midget Wolgast, recognized as the champion flyweight of Pennsylvania, has been stepping along at a lively clip of late. He gained the title by beating Willie Davies at Charleroi, and then followed it up with several other victories, some of his victims being Jose Allano and Battling Griffen.

Amateur boxing is enjoying its greatest popularity in years in Phillie. The "simon pures" actually hurt the professional bouts late in the indoor season and now are showing their wares in the open. There is a new crop of fighters being developed as a result of these elimination tournaments and intercity activities.

IN WILKES-BARRE, PA.
BY HUGH A. CARR

THE Nanticoke American Legion staged its second show of the season and in the feature, Joey Williams, Philadelpha colored boy won over Joe Bush of Shenadoah.

In the other half of the double wind-up, Billy Calpin scored a one-sided victory over Georgie Russell. In the preliminaries; Jack Vance and Joe Bart fought a draw; Morrie Hicks "kayoed" Lou Godack in the first round and Johnny Stash and Stanley Lucas fought a great bout with honors even.

There is something wrong with the fight game in Nanticoke as this is the second show the Legion put on and failed to clear expenses. Nanticoke and surrounding towns have the best sports in this vicinity which leaves no reason why the game shouldn't prosper here.

Quite a number of local fans took in the Lomski-Latzo bout at Ebbetts Field which Latzo won on a foul. The writer was one of the Latzo rooters in attendance but likes Lomski's chances of winning if they ever come together again.

Although the fight game has been rather slow in this city, Scranton and Carbondale are running right along and drawing good crowds. Scranton promoters are trying to stage a Latzo-Stribling bout.

Jackie Britton, former local battler now fighting under his own name, (Dick O'Leary), lost his first bout since going to Cleveland when he lost to Johnny Dragon, clever Indianapolis bantamweight.

One of the best lightweight prospects unearthed here in some time is Johnny Kelly. He has developed a knockout wallop.

Matty Kraft, North Wilkes-Barre lightweight recently sustained an injury to his left shoulder while at work. This will keep him on the sidelines for the next few weeks.

While in New York to witness the Lomski-Latzo battle, the writer received a copy of "Young Griffo and his Life's Battles" from Nat Fleischer, publisher of the "Ring" and must say it is one of the very best fight stories we have ever read.

Gene Baldoni continues to show great form in his latest comeback attempt. Fans are now clamoring for a return bout with Matty Kraft. Baldoni and Kraft have met on five occasions and each battle proved to be hair raising affairs.

Billy Kelly, Scranton's flyweight contender, is anxious to get a bout with Midget Wolgast, recently crowned flyweight king of Pennsylvania. Kelly has already defeated Wolgast and feels he can turn the trick again.

MEMPHIS AND VICINITY
By EARL W. McGrory

MEMPHIS boxing fans saw some exciting times during the past month. Charlie Rentrop who has been promoting Wrestling shows here for about three years, entered the boxing game and staged a match between Red Herring and Frankie Dugan. The fans all thought Dugan won the match, but the Referee declared it a draw.

Dave Jackson of Little Rock beat Tommy Fowlkes in the semi-final. Jimmy Cox Defeated Dummy McKinney in 8 rounds.

A real grudge battle was fought at the Memphis Stadium recently when Buster Mallini and Leo Wax locked horns. Mallini was given the decision. Other bouts on the card were, Joe Saia stopped Leland Jordan five rounds., George Copeland defeated Fritz Drager eight rounds.

Jimmy Griffen local welterweight, lost on a foul to Johnny Simes at Asheville, N. C., recently. On the same card Jack Lewis Memphis Negro knocked out Karoline Kid four rounds.

Kap McGrory, local feather-weight, is recovering from an injured hand and will be ready for action in the near future.

Other results in this section are as follows: Dummy McKinney of Memphis and Battling McGinty draw at Little Rock. At Greenwood, Miss. Eddie Wolf of Memphis defeated Leroy Dougan eight. Eddie Wolf defeated Sailor Larson at Little Rock ten rounds, Garner Johns, Tampa, Florida, won from Leroy Dougan at Little Rock on a foul three rounds.

Jess Akers of Toupelo, stopped Pat Mallory of Atlanta, five rounds in the semi-final Chester Covington won on foul from Chas. Robinson.

Billy Brown defeated Grover Mallini at the Memphis Stadium. Other-bouts were Orville Porter stopped Chester Curtis five rounds, Red Tipton beat Bobby Powell four rounds.

Jack Kearney of New Orleans defeated Joe Coffman of Jackson, Tenn., at Greenwood ten rounds.

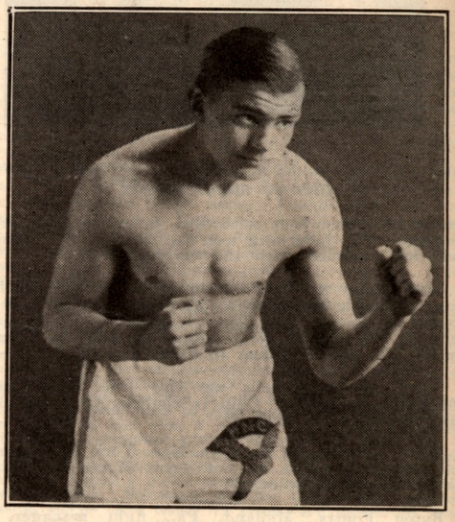
Leo Wax and Johnny Flynn of Chattanooga boxed eight round draw at Jackson, Tenn. Geo. Copeland, Memphis and Jesse Akers Tupelo boxed draw six rounds.

At Memphis, Eddie Wolf local feather defeated Ray Cullotta of New Orleans. It was a good fight.

According to reports out of Little Rock, Johnny Celmars was suspended for thirty days by the State Athletic Commission. The suspension was the result of fouling Mike Donovan at Pocahontas last week.

At Tupelo, Jesse Akers stopped Shifty Logan of Memphis 2 rounds. At Aberdeen Clyde Atkins defeated Battling McGinty, foul 8 rounds. At Okolona, Kid Covington won on foul from Ted Marshall 5 rounds.

Jimmy Watts, of Atlanta kept up his winning streak by beating Chico Chisenros of Mexico at Little Rock, ten rounds. Wesley Senn Little Rock won decision over Dick Clark, Memphis eight rounds.



George Hoffman, former American amateur heavyweight champion who has turned pro

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ALBANY AND VICINITY NOTES
BY HERMAN BRAY

FRANKIE LA FAY, Troy lightweight star and Lew Paluso of Salt Lake City staged a corking bout at the Nonpareil Stadium in Rensselaer, June 11.

Jack Smith, handled by Dan Morgan, outslugged Bunker Hill of the Leo Flynn stable in an eight rounder on same card and Larry Maranucci, promising Troy welter, defeated Tommy McDonald, another Troy boy in six.

Young Fisher, the Syracuse Cave Man, reports himself as fit and ready for any of the big fellows.

Joe Lamanna, Syracuse feather-junior lightweight, is quite a stepper and can sock real well, too.

Utica and Troy will soon stage outdoor shows this month.

Billy Ames keeps his middleweight star, Bobby Williams of Syracuse busy campaigning through the Midwest. Williams is a great fighter.

Nick Quagarelli, New York junior lightweight has been hibernating around Albany and Freddie Roma, popular Albany restauranteur, is looking after him.

Bucky Lawless, Auburn welter flash, has been on the shelf due to an injured hand.

Joe Kennedy, well-known Philadelphia manager sends word that he would like to show his newest star, Joey Hadfield, Philly lightweight, in this section.

Shuffle Callahan, the Chicago knockerout, made his home at Syracuse for a short time, but recently packed up and left for Chi.

Billy Wallace, western lightweight is vacationing at Speculator in the Adirondacks, and is an occasional visitor in Albany. Billy has been having trouble with his hands.

The Albany Lion's club is planning its annual Milk Fund benefit boxing show, for the latter part of July.

IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
BY JACK TAYLOR

THE weather has been warm but the fights have been hotter and although the attendance has fallen off a little, Jack Shelton has furnished his faithful fans with two shows each week. Upsets have been frequent something which never fails to tickle the boys. Friday is amateur night and each week brings some new faces to the ring. Some great slugging and new preliminary boys are developed from these amateur bouts. Here is a resume of the month's contests:

At Shelton's—Kid Pancho, bantam champ of this district knocked out Duke Duval in 4 rounds. Babe Arizmendi beat Kid Adams in eight. Kid Fernandez beat Fox Trot Pompas in six.

At Shelton's—Brooks Hooper S. A. Lightweight champ., knocked out Kid Ruiz of Mexico in 9 rounds. Kid Gilbert knocked out Gene Cullen in 1 round. Kid Gilbert beat Gene Cullen that same night in a return bout in eight. Bobby Jackson beat Pedro Guerro by a shade in 6.

On June 5, at Shelton's—Chuck Burns, light-heavy champ, beat Jimmie Bean in 10; Kid Gilbert beat Kid Ferdandez in 10; Roy Edwards beat Ray Altores in 6.

On June 12, at Shelton's—Kid Pancho knocked out Joe Montana in 7; Red Foster beat Bobby Jackson in 6; K. O. Castillo knocked out Frankie Howard in 3; Mike Delaney beat Eddie Polo in 4; Eddie Lopez knocked out Young Speed in 3; Red Foster won the middleweight title from Jackson. This was their fourth meeting.

At Ft. Sam Houston—Lt. Lucas, in the role of matchmaker in the absence of Lt. James, who made a trip to N. Y. to line up some real talent for his big shows this fall, put one of the best cards seen here in a long time and a big crowd took in the program. Jimmie Wayne beat Kid Lencho in 10 rounds; Brooks Hooper and Joe Garret drew in 8; Kid Wittenberg knocked out Gob Mullen in 5; Young Guidrie knocked out Dixie Barker in 2.

With the amateurs, the best bouts were:

Postal Kid beat Joe Delgado, 4; K. O. Riley KOED Socks Mendaza, 1 round; Bill Manness beat K. O. Riley, 4; O. Cowan KOED Bob Hoskins, 2; Mike Delaney and Dixie LaHood drew in 4; Bill Manness and Mike Delaney drew, 4; Rowdy Burns KOED Stanley Ketchel, 4; Rowdy Burns and Bilil Manness drew, 4; Mike Delaney beat Rowdy Burns,4; Bill Manness beat Dixie La Hood, 4; Kid Droussard KOED Pete Lavarro, 3; Kid Williams KOED Young MAnuel, 3; Ox Cowan KOED Battling Davis in 1 round.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
BY L. R. FORD

CLYDE, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer knocked out Bud Hoskins in the fourth round of a ten round main event. Hoskins scaled 183 and Kopfer 162.

McAlester, Okla.—Jack Strong knocked out George Lee in five round. Lee was floored seven times prior to taking the fatal count.

Tulsa, Okla.—Jack Strong knocked out K. O. McCarthy in two rounds in a scheduled ten round main event.

Johnie Hughes, Joplin featherweight went to Little Rock, Ark. and met Jimmie Watts in a ten round main go. Watts won by a technical K. O. in nine rounds.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Buster Martin Tulsa heavyweight knocked out Peck Warren in two rounds in the ten round feature bout.

Tulsa, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Buster Martin in the fifth round of one of the hardest battles witnessed between heavyweights in the history of Tulsa. Louie Avery and Bobby Vincent drew in eight heats. Eddie Murray and Duke Duval drew in six. Abe Cohen won decision from Mysterious Ellsworth in six.

Eddie Dwyer "the Spanish Bronze Panther" of Hutchinson met Jack Doss at Pampa, Texas, before a large gathering of fight fans, and flattened Doss in three rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Angus Snyder won from Tiny Roebuck in the seventh round on a foul. Referee George Cox, one of the best and squarest referees in Kansas awarded the bout to Snyder, and was supported by the fans in his decision, as the low blow delivered by the Indian was witnessed by all spectators. Jimmie Owens won from Eddie Dwyer in eight. Kid Granite defeated Mel Graham in eight.

Kansas City, Mo.—Al Conway and Larry Cappo drew in ten rounds. Joe Rivers won from Frankie LaVar in ten. Joe Trabon and Joe Kid Peck fought a ten round draw. Jack Gibbs knocked out Charley Arthur in one. Skeet Edwards won over Kid Mingo in four. Paul Polino and Raymond Schulz drew in four.

Kansas City, Mo.—Dave Shade beat Imey Garfinkle in ten rounds. Frank Morris and Wilson Wagner drew in six. Johnny Cline beat Mike Rozgall in ten. Jack Evans drew with Hughie Mack in a four rounder.

Kansas City, Mo.—Big Bill Hartwell, colored heavyweight socker of K. C., Mo. knocked out Larry Gains, colored heavyweight champion of Canada in the sixth round. Sammy Martin shaded Danny Huff in ten. Ad Booker drew with Eddie Graham in six. Battling Whitney and Lightning Childs fought a six round draw.

Kansas City, Mo.—Billy Petrolle won a close decision in ten rounds over Jackie Kane. Myer Grace outpointed Spider Kelly in a close hard fought battle in ten heats. Joe Peck beat Battling Clemons in a fast ten round setto.

Ed (K. O.) Smith, heavyweight who has met with success the past few years, is on the inactive list with a broken arm. Smith is under the management of L. R. Ford of Chanute, Kansas, and will soon be ready for action. He will go after Babe Hunt, Tiny Roebuck, Jack Strong and Angus Snyder.

Joplin, Mo.—Billy Hall defeated Eddie Dwyer in ten rounds. Battling Clemons beat Johnie Hughes in ten fast rounds. Hooker Boyer knocked out Arthur Turrentine in two rounds. Don Lewis and Don Henley fought six savage rounds to a draw.

FROM ALABAMA
By S. P. CARPRI

JOE RED LUCAS, of Detroit, lost the newspaper decision to Peter Sarron, Birmingham bantam champion of the south, in a ten-round bout at the Athletic Club. These two scrappers drew a packed house in spite of a rainy night.

Billy Alger, Arizona welterweight, was a heavy favorite to win over Johnny Flynn, of Chattanooga, but was lucky to get a draw at the Athletic Club.

In the semi-final eight rounds, Battling Bozo, local middleweight, beat Joe Milner.

George Lehner, a comer in the preliminary rank, knocked out Kid Smith, in the third round.

Donald Tubbs, former University of Alabama boy, outpointed Jack Harrington, in their six rounder.

Claude Wilson, local best feather was knocked out in the first round by Tony Canzoneri, in New Orleans. A month previously in New Orleans, Wilson beat the Filippino, Ignacio Fernandez.

Matchmaker Dave Evans, at the Athletic Club, deserves a lot of credit for the fine boxing shows he is putting on semi-monthly in Birmingham. Fans there appreciate the class of boys he is showing and they turn out in large numbers.

At Bessemer—Battling Kelly and Jack Dean, local middleweights, met in a ten round main bout.

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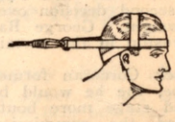

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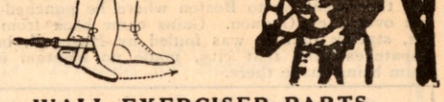

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CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

DIMINUTIVE Steve Rocco, whose meteoric professional career has been sensational, turned in the most thrilling fight when he relieved "Frenchy" Bellanger of the Canadian flyweight crown at Andy Taylor's Arena Gardens, in Toronto, before a big crowd. Rocco won the verdict and title by taking seven of the ten rounds of a fiercely contested battle. Rocco's victory puts him in line for a battle with Izzy Schwartz, Frankie Genaro, and Newsboy Brown. The little Toronto boy will carry plenty of Canadian currency, should he enter in battle with the above.

Tommy "Red" Bragan, another former amateur champion, kept up his winning ways by punching out a victory over Johnny Carey of Erie, in a welterweight battle. Bragan is now out with a defi to George Fifield for the Canadian title.

Jake Carey staged his first outdoor boxing show in Montreal, featuring Tony Canzoneri, featherweight champion of the world, and Vic Foley, rugged Vancouver fighter, the champion won after ten rounds of interesting battling. The semi-windup saw Joe Trabon, Denver lightweight, punch out a victory over George Chabot, Montreal, lightweight contender. Bert Brown, lightweight from "down-under", scored a meritorious win over Bobby Garcia, the Bronson entry, in ten heats, while Benny Schwartz Baltimore got the "howdo" over Tommy Ryan of Buffalo, in 10 rounds.

Winnipeg promoters staged a flyweight battle between Dave Adelman, formerly of Philadelphia, and Harvey Holiday, of Vancouver, a protege of Jack Allen and the joust ended in the first round, Adelman sending the coast boy to the canvas with a crashing blow that landed in the prohibited area. Adelman lost the bout on a foul.

Boxing fans, acquainted with Freddy Landsdowne, former Toronto featherweight, will regret to hear of the popular little fellow's death. Freddy was engaged in structural work and while working, missed his footing and fell many feet to his death.

Cliff Graham made his comeback with a vengeance. After scoring two good victories over Fred Lindhardt, and Tommy Mitchel, Graham hammered himself a victory over Chris Newton.

Johnny McCoy, California's flyweight champion, and "Frenchy" Bellanger, fought over ten rounds at the Arena, McCoy winning. The semi-windup brought together George Fifield, who is now conducting his own boxing affairs, and Jack Delaney, of Syracuse. The Salt city boy gave Georgie a beating. Fifield was lucky to stay the route. The battle was the best on the card.

Jim Hanna, Hibernian flyweight, just over from the "Bogs of OULD OIRELAND," boxing a preliminary on the McCoy-Bellanger card, easily beat Ernie Brooks, in six rounds. On the same card Paul Brown of Buffalo, obtained his second decision over Jack Golden of Toronto, middleweight. George Baker scored a win over George Preston in the curtain raiser.

During a recent interview, Jack Corcoran former Toronto promoter, told this scribe, the he would be back again in the fall and would stage more bouts for the following year, provided the commission granted him a license. There seems to be no reason why Corcoran should have any trouble getting a license.

Larry Gains, Toronto heavyweight, went to Kansas City and lost by a knockout to Big Bill Hartwell, in six, then went on to Boston where he punched out a win over Jack Gagnon. Gains came back from Kansas, stating that he was fouled by Hartwell, but the dispatches from that city, made no mention of any claim being made there.

MONTREAL FISTIC NEWS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

JAKE CAREY'S four ten-round "main events" enthused a gathering of six thousand fans at the Stadium. Receipts totaled about $12,000 and the show about $10,000 more. Overhanging clouds discouraged the absent ones.

Vic Foley, popular Vancouver featherweight, came close to left jabbing a victory over Tony Canzoneri, world's champ, in the headliner. Canzoneri's speed and snappy right chops were factors in his victory.

The Canadian was floored from a vicious overhead right chop in the second round for a count of three.

Joe Trabon slung leather from all angles to smother George Chavot, of Montreal.

Bert Brown, Montreal junior lightweight, upset the dope when he pasted Bobbie Garcia in pretty fashion.

In the opener Benny Schwartz outsmarted Tommy Ryan, of Buffalo.

Jake Carey and Alex Moore staged the first promoters' war of the year over the privilege of running a Roy-Foley scrap. Moore had Roy signed and Carey had Foley. Carey released Foley on condition he was to have the winner meet some outstanding featherweight at the ball park.

George Ashe and Theo. Dillulo are taking the jump into the monied ranks. Both are Provincial amateur champions and will meet tough opposition in their first starts on the Roy-Foley card.

Leo "Kid" Roy regained a lot of prestige when he whipped Eddie Anderson, tough Wyoming Cowboy, over the ten-round route at the Forum.

Flashy Bobby Leitham is stepping at a winning clip now and will bear watching by Frenchy Belanger and Steve Rocco.

The amateur boxers are being beseiged by pro managers to turn into the moneyed class. Among them are Sig Hiseth, Eddie Carroll, Gordon Suave, Tommy Sullivan, Tom Dalton, Barney O'Connell and Speed Bampton.

Flashy Bobby Leithan is stepping along nicely. Frenchy Belanger and Steve Rocco had better beware.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By PAUL A. SEEGER

THE ENTIRE state is in the usual summer inertia and the boxing game is at the lowest ebb it has been in more than three years, to my knowledge. Many clubs in the smaller places have shut shut down entirely and many are putting on only an occasional show.

The Harvey Seeds Post club here has quit and Jack Britton has gone north. Jack has a modest summer training camp at Stamford-on-the-Catskills. During the winter Jack shows 'em how at the Roney Plaza in Miami Beach.

Jackie Mason took in too much territory this month when he tackled Frankie Osner. The result was just what was to be expected. Not a lightweight around here now can give Osner a real fight so he has hied back to St. Louis for the summer.

Tampa is about the only city in the state putting on shows with any kind of success. In Miami, Ed Douglas of the National Guard and Slats Slattery of the Coral Gables Post are staging about one card a month instead of the weekly shows tht have been the rule.

When Champion Johnny Loughran draws a $500 house it is time to lay off and that is just what happened to Ed Douglas.

Bobby Burke, manager of Pal McDonald, pulled a wise one the other night. Pal was taking a pasting at the hands of Ponce de Leon, the tough boy from Havana, Cuba, when Bobby jumped into the ring and claimed a foul. Bobby knew that automatically lost his boy the bout, but that is better than having him knocked out, for the record book.

But probably the rawest one pulled here since one or two proposed "Big Time" bouts polluted the atmosphere, was the Ingersoll-Mack affair, which was called 'no contest' because and both boys suspended for a year, the officials feeling Ingersoll permitted himself to be knocked out.

Comes word from Lee Collins that Click Conners won his first two bouts on their invasion of Alabama and Tennesse. Click beat up one Sammy Buchanan, who holds wins over Boots Antley, Baby Stribling, Pete Cole and others, according to Lee. Click's other victim was Dynamite Cashill.

This month saw Pete Nebo, erstwhile Miami prelim ham-and-egger, invade Philly and beat up Benny Bass. That's going some in little more than a year.

Emil Schiavone staged a come-back this month by knocking the cocky Dick Paulson for a loop. Dick, fighting only a few months, let boosters tell him he could lick 'em all. He knows better now.

Frank Woodcock, a newcomer here, slapped down Jack Grantville of Nashville, Tenn., in the second with a pretty straight arm flush to the button. We're going to like Frank.

Jim Downing of Tampa tells me that he will have Big Ben pound on his way to further triumphs in the north by the time this is in print. More power to both of them. Downing is to boxing in Florida what Fleischman is to yeast.

Soldier Frank Leavitt, Miami's 290-pound traffic cop, is making a big hit in his tour of the north in a specially decorated Lizzie advertising Miami. He gets a big hand in each city.

Leavitt has met such wrestlers as Getch, Zybysko, Hackenschmidt and Roller. At one time he was a star on Charley Brickley's New York Giants, America's first professional football team.

A recent Jacksonville card featured six Savannah, Ga., boxers. Three knockouts enlivened the evening. One of the victims was Young Jack Dempsey of Miami.

Three knockouts on a Tampa card also went on the book this month. Jack Van Ryan took another dive, Rufino Alvarez of Spain flattenned Jack Kirten and Jim Beasley put the skids under Mike Firpo.

Pensacola has failed to kick in this month and I never hear of West Palm Beach or Lake Worth so they must not be doing much. St. Petersburg never was heard of and Key West is lucky to have a show twice a year.

The American Legion boys are trying to get a club going in Homestead, but without great success. The North Pole in the middle of winter is a riotous place compared to Florida in summer, at least so far as boxing is concerned.

Two more months, however, and the snow-dodgers will start the annual southward trek and then the rosin shufflers can eat regularly again.

Lew Burke, a promising young light heavy, was on his way to Miami this month for a few easy bouts and some intensive trainng for a fall campagn when the machine he was riding in climbed a tree and Lew acquired a broken arm and a wrenched shoulder. He promises to show up here when he is all healed up. Plenty of work for him in the fall.

TRENTON FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN the final boxing show of the indoor season, Jessie Goss, colored lightweight, gave Joe Sharkey, who had a weight advantage of ten pounds, a boxing lesson. Goss won seven rounds. Both of these boys are of Trenton.

The semi took the play from the wind-up. What a slam-bang affair! The clever Joey Webb of Roebling and the ever-rushing Johnny De Marco of Lambertville, did nothing but fight the entire eight rounds with honors even.

Jimmie Suzzio of Burlington knocked out Gene Bejger of Trenton in the fourth round.

Jimmy Flynn defeated Bushy Brooks in a special four round bout. Both of these boys are flyweights.

Geo. Sacco of Trenton beat Spike Sullivan of Columbus in a six round bout.

After his bout with Al Robert of Trenton, Paul Robinson of the Lewis Mack Players, decided to stick to the stage. Robinson was knocked out in the second round.

Joe Reno, Trenton welter, scored a decisive victory over Cuddy De Marco of Pittsburgh in an eight round wind-up at the Shellpot Park in Wilmington, Delaware. A week later Reno beat Roxy Allen of Camden in eight rounds at the Convention Hall at Camden.

Eddie Muffo, Bristol bear-cat, out-fought and outgamed Charlie Carter in the wind-up of ten rounds at the Trenton Arena.

Johnny De Marco of Lambertville defeated Joe Pluhart of Bound Brook in eight rounds.

Kid Manslaughter of Baltimore. weighing 200 pounds and Bunker Hill of Boston, 231 pounds, fought a six round draw.

Eddie Guida, a classy New York lightweight discovered by Benny Leonard's old trainer, Mannie Seamon.

Howard Artt of Newark defeated Six Cylinder of Florida in a fast six round bout. These boys are flyweights.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welter, won two bouts in five days. He beat Bobby Wallace in Philadelphia, and also Freddie Uhlman of Newark at the Oceanview A. A. at Long Branch. Put this Walker kid down for future reference.

The Fourth Ward Democrat Club is trying to match Tommy Mahan and Johnny Oakey, both of Trenton, for an open air show.

Jack Waldron, former lightweight boxer and of late years referee in Jersey, took the final count. Jack was stricken with a stroke a few weeks ago and never left his bed. The game fellow he was, he fought a losing battle to the last.

Old timers will remember Jack as the boxer who fought a great battle with Spike Sullivan of Brooklyn. This bout was for a chance at Joe Gans, then champion, and what a bloddy battle it was! The referee stopped the bout in the 21st round to save Jack from further punjshment. Neither boxer fought anymore after that bout. The younger generation will remember him as a courageous referee. He called them as he saw them. Jack made mistakes but never once was his honesty questioned. We of the boxing fraternity lose a friend. May his soul rest in peace.

A CORRECTION

In our last issue, the captions under the cuts on the top line were reversed. The first cut is a reproduction of Jack Broughton and the third cut on the first line is that of Bog Gregson. The picture of the negro is that of Bill Richmond.

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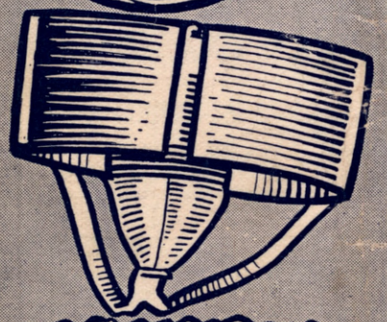

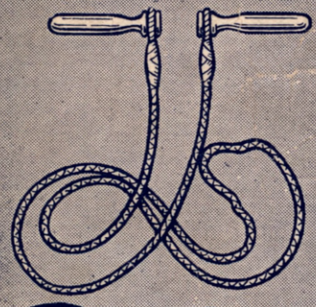

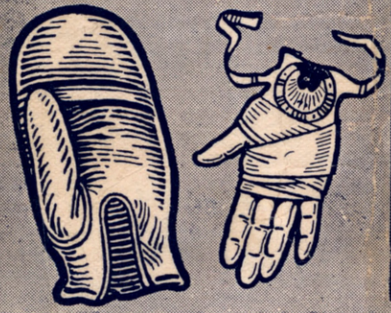

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